



at the Temple-Bar. 1753. [Price 1 s. 6 d.]



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*Claudianus* (C.)  
THE

1

# RAPE of *Proserpine*,

From *CLAUDIAN*.

In THREE BOOKS.

With the EPISODE of

*SEXTUS and ERICHTHO*,

From *LUCAN's Pharsalia*, Book VI.

---

*Translated by Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.*

---

*Elysios miretur Gracia Campos,  
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina Matrem.*

Virgil. Georg.

*Hac se Carminibus promittit solvere Mentis  
Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere Curas:  
Sistere Aquam Fluvius, & vertere Sidera retro;  
Nocturnosque ciet Manes.*

*Æneid.*

---

THE SECOND EDITION,  
*Corrected, and Enlarg'd with NOTES.*

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L O N D O N:

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[Price 1 s. 6 d.]



TO THE GRACE OF S.

D. U. K. E.

NEW CASTLE

My Lord,

W HATEVER presumption  
tion there may seem to  
be in dedicating these  
tender Translations to Your  
GRACE, without first obtaining  
leave, it would perhaps have  
been a greater Immodesty to  
have appeared to think so well

of A 3



To His GRACE the  
D U K E  
O F  
NEW CASTLE.

MY LORD,

**W**HATEVER Presump-  
tion there may seem to  
be in Dedication these  
 slender Translations to Your  
GRACE, without first obtaining  
Leave, it wou'd perhaps have  
been a greater Immodesty to  
have appear'd to think so well

## DEDICATION

of them; as to apply to Your  
GRACE for an express Permis-  
sion. Your elegant Taste in the  
whole Compass of ingenious Let-  
ters, and the Indulgence with  
which You have been pleas'd to  
receive Essays of this Nature,  
have long attracted the Venera-  
tion of Writers, and awaken'd  
an irresistible Ambition in them  
of testifying their Regard for  
Your GRACE's Character, and  
this Public Manner.

IT is, My LORD, from this  
pardonable Principle, that, upon  
Reprinting this little Work, I  
have adventur'd to inscribe it to  
Your GRACE's distinguish'd  
Name; and as what is here pre-  
sented



# DEDICATION

sent to You, is from the Anti-  
ents; I might hope it wou'd not  
be wholly Unacceptable, if the  
Originals are not too far injur'd  
and lost.

Of all the larger Poems of  
*Claudian*, that which is here  
translated, seems to be the most  
entertaining, and happily invent-  
ed; and it were to be wish'd, it  
had arriv'd compleat to our  
Hands; for tho' the Model of  
it is not regular, many Parts of  
it, if he had finish'd it, wou'd  
have been adorn'd with a lively  
Imagination, and Warmth of  
Painting. He has not, it is true,  
the Vigour, nor more properly  
speaking, the Vehemence of  
beine

## D E D I C A T I O N

*Lucan*, but he has evidently a more natural Manner of Style, and a greater Delicacy of Imagining. *Lucan's* Subject was indeed incapable of being moulded into a Plan perfectly Poetical; for the History he had chosen, would not suffer him to depart so freely from it, as to introduce those Variations and Supplies of Fiction, which are necessary to give a Poem its own specific Beauty and Spirit. But if he is oblig'd in this Respect to resign the Laurel to others of the *Latin* Poets, his Thoughts are strong and manly, and he is always agitated, and is excell'd by none in his generous Flame for Liberty, which is the nobler Enthusiasm,

## DEDICATION

Enthusiasm, and which cannot fail to recommend him to so applauded a Fautor of Liberty as  
Your GRACE?

I am apt to imagine it was this Patriot Zeal, and his hearty Sentiments in so good a Cause, that made *Lucan* so much the darling Author of the learned *Grotius*, that, as *Patinus* assures us, he always carry'd him about him, and seldom pass'd a Day without reading some Part of the *Pharsalia*. And if it is *Lucan's* Merit to have declar'd himself so ardently for the Roman Privileges, when they were extinguish'd, and Tyranny was exercis'd with undisputed Power and  
Madness,

## DEDICATION

Madness, it is Your GRACE's  
Glory to have been, in the more  
exalted and important Sphere, in  
which You are seated, the vi-  
gilant and vigorous Assertor of  
Your Country's Liberties, when  
they were so dangerously at-  
tempted by that formidable Con-  
spiracy which was form'd against  
our total Existence as a Free and  
Protestant People, in the Succession  
of the present ROYAL FAMILY.

THE intrepid Stand Your  
GRACE made at that melan-  
cholic Time, at once intima-  
dated the Boldness of our Adver-  
saries, and perplex'd and incum-  
ber'd their Measures, and ani-  
mated others to oppose them  
with



# DEDICATION.

with Fidelity and Spirit. Your  
GRACE's Conduct also since  
that memorable Period, has been  
of the same Tenour; and as You  
enter'd upon this honourable  
Path of Action in the early Flo-  
ridness of Youth, You persist in  
it without Deviation or Flagging,  
and are continually exerting  
Your self to enlarge and perpe-  
tuate the Publick Tranquility  
and Glory. All sincere Britons,  
My LORD, are affectionately  
touch'd with the Sense of Your  
GRACE's eminent and repeated  
Services; and no Man, how  
mean and inconsiderable soever,  
while he has the Happiness to  
share in the National Welfare,  
can be refus'd the Right of de-  
cently

## DEDICATION.

cently expressing His Gratitude  
to YOUR GRACE, who has con-  
tributed to it so largely; which  
cannot be done by any one with  
more Deference and Truth,  
than by

Yours GRACE's

Most Obligated, and

Most Obedient

Humble Servant,

J. HUGHES.



THE

## PREFACE.

**B***T*he few Memorials which remain of the Life of Claudian, it appears that he was a Native of Alexandria in Egypt, and flourish'd in the Fifth Century, under the Reign of Arcadius, Emperor of the East, and Honorius, Emperor of the West; who were Brothers, and both of the Christian Faith, which was now become the Religion of the Empire: Yet Augustine and Orosius, who liv'd near the time, and had consequently an Opportunity of being well inform'd, assure us, Claudian continu'd obstinate in the Pagan Superstition; and therefore the Verses upon our Saviour, which are printed with his Works, were either written by him in Compliment to the Emperors, or belong to another of the Name. His Vein in Poetry was undoubtedly born with him, and flows with the utmost Ease; and tho' he has not the Correctness and the numerous Versification of Virgil, yet there is a pleasing Vivacity in his Imagination, a Gaiety and Lustre in his Words, and his Lines are musically turn'd: And we must be so just as to make

## The P R E F A C E.

*make him an Allowance for the Disadvantage he suffers by the Inferiority of his Subjects. \* Scaliger himself alledges this in his Favour, and says, he supply'd the Barrenness of his Theme by the Richness of his Wit; that He has a happy Heat of Fancy, and a well-govern'd Judgment; his Diction is pure and elegant, his Numbers easy, and he has said a great many Things which are pointed and strong, without Affectation. Now this is the more to be regarded, because it is the Opinion of a Man who is very much displeas'd with Homer himself, and is seldom liberal in commending an Author.*

*The Reputation of his Writings was very great with the most eminent Men of his Age, and procur'd him the Affection of the Court and the principal Nobility in so extraordinary a manner, that the Emperors and the Senate erected him a Statue of Brass, as Claudian himself informs us in the Præfatio to his Poem de Bello Getico, where he says it was in Reward for his Verses on Stilicho's Consulate, and the Recovery of Libya, which had been usurp'd by Gildo. The Marble Basis which supported it, was dug up, some Centuries since, at Rome, in the Forum of Trajan, and Claverius says, Pomponius Lætus had it in his Possession. The Inscription styles him, Prægloriosissimum Poetarum, The most illustrious of Poets, and recites, that the Statue was erected by the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, at the Request of the Senate: It concludes with these Verses, in which he is made equal to Homer and Virgil together;*

Εἰν' ἐνὶ Βιργύλιοιο νῶτον, καὶ μέσσαν Ὀμήρου  
Κλαυδίου, Πάριον καὶ Βασίλειος ἔθεσαν.

---

\* Hypercrit.



## The P R E F A C E.

To *Claudian's* Fame, who equal'd in his Lays  
*Homer's* rich Muse, and *Virgil's* happy Praise,  
*Rome* and her Emperors this Statue raise.

I shall now proceed to consider some Remarks of Scaliger upon the Rape of PROSERPINE; having first explain'd a Paragraph at the Beginning of it, which may not, perhaps, be very clear to the English Reader, who is unacquainted with the Mythology of the Heathens.

Immediately after he has propos'd his Subject, *Claudian* makes a Transition, and, in a Poetical Rapture, represents Illuminations in a Temple, and several Deities approaching to celebrate some Religious Rites. And since neither the Occasion of this Assembly, nor the Connection between this Description and what precedes and follows it, is plainly express'd, the whole Passage is render'd something obscure.

But by considering the Persons who are mention'd in it, and the other Circumstances, we shall find that he means the Cerealia, which were annually observ'd at Athens, in Memory of the Rape. For Ceres, not being able to prevail on the Gods to discover whither her Daughter was convey'd, and who had stolen her, began to search for her thro' the World. In her Progress she came to the Court of Celeus, King of Eleusis, and, as a Requit of the hospitable Reception he gave her, undertook the Education of his Son Triptolemus, who was then a Child; she fed him with her own Milk, and cover'd him up in Embers by Night, to harden him and give him a robust Constitution. But the Father observing her once as she was going to lay him down in the Coals, and not knowing he Goddess had taken Care to secure him from Mischiefs, rush'd hastily

## The P R E F A C E.

*in to prevent her : upon which Ceres, in a Rage, struck him dead; and taking young Triptolemus into her Chariot, immediately withdrew. After a tedious Enquiry, having found her Daughter, and compromis'd the Matter with Pluto, she committed her Chariot, which was drawn by Dragons, to Triptolemus, whom she had instructed in the Nature of Husbandry, directing him to pass thro' the Countries of Greece, and teach the People Tillage, and the Use of Corn; and in Memory of the Rape she instituted a yearly Festival, in which the Persons concern'd constantly us'd to appear.*

*Accordingly, in the Verses before us, the several Parties belonging to these Solemnities are introduc'd; as Triptolemus, the Favourite of Ceres; and Hecate, which is the Infernal Name of Proserpine; and Pluto is undoubtedly signify'd where Claudian speaks of Murmurs heard from below the Ground; and the double Scene of the Representation is expressly nam'd :*

---

Templumque remugit  
Cecropidum, sanctasq; Faces extollit Eleusis.

*Bacchus is justly join'd with the Choir, as being the God of Wine and Merriment; but Ceres (for which I am not able to account) happens not to be mention'd, tho' certainly she ought by no means to have been omitted.*

*What has been said, I believe, may be sufficient to remove the Difficulty of this Passage; the Perplexity of which is owing to its being so improperly inserted: for the Sense will be distinct enough, if from the Proposition we pass directly to the Invocation.*

*Scaliger the Father, who speaks highly in Claudian's Favour, and particularly praises this Poem*  
for

## The P R E F A C E

for the Beauties of it and for the Numbers, has made it an Objection, that Diana and Pallas should be chosen out from all the Gods, to bear Venus Company, when she was to bring about the Rape. That Pallas shou'd be there, he says, is absurd, but Diana's going is utterly ridiculous; for they were both Virgins, and the last was the avow'd Patroneſs of Maids. He had too good an Opinion of Claudian, to believe this proceeded from Inadvertency or Ignorance, and as he was debating the Thing in his Thoughts, he happen'd to meet with a Story in Diodorus, as he informs us, concerning Proſerpine's gathering Flowers in Sicily with Diana and Pallas, to present to Jupiter; and the Reason he assigns for Venus being added here by Claudian is, because of the Marriage which was to follow.

Scaliger, it appears, had a good Will to answer his own Objection; but what he urges to vindicate the introducing Venus into the Company, can hardly be admitted; for Juno, and not Venus, was the Goddess of Nuptials; Venus's Province being only to excite the Passion of Love in general, whether lawful or impure, and whether it concluded in Marriage or not.

The Design of Scaliger's Citation from Diodorus must be, to shew that Claudian had the Authority of a former Writer to support him; but his Conduct in this Particular is so prudent, that he needs no such Voucher to justify him, and one won'd wonder Scaliger shou'd raise this idle Scruple, and not afterwards discover his Error.

Venus was commanded by Jupiter to betray Proſerpine from her private Apartment; and to prevent any Suspicion of the Design of her Visit, she took these for her Companions. For it was well suppos'd the Virgin won'd be afraid of her who was infamous for Love-Stratagems, and a profess'd Ent-

## The P R E F A C E.

*my of Chastity; but to have her appear with these Maiden Powers, wou'd be a wise Expedient to remove all Jealousy, and give her a better Opportunity to effect her Plot. And Claudian has himself assign'd this Reason for it, Book 3. however Scaliger overlook'd, or forgot it.*

————— Cytherea venit, suspectaque nobis,  
Ne foret, hinc Phæben Comites, hinc Pallada junxit.

*I say nothing of Jupiter's positive Order for their Attendance, Book 1. where he gives Venus her Errand;*

————— Jussuque Parentis,  
Pallas, & inflexo quæ terret Manala Cornu,  
Addunt se Comites :

*Because that was the Poet's own Contrivance, and so cou'd not be pleaded in his Favour, if it had been a Fault.*

*By the whole Course of the Story, Scaliger might have perceiv'd they were not let into the Secret; and tho' he might think them to be improperly join'd with Venus, because they were likely to oppose her Design, when it broke out, and to hinder its Success, he shou'd have consider'd, that Pluto, who was to steal the Virgin, was one of the three Sovereign Gods, and therefore abundantly an Over-Match for them who were a Remove off in Divinity, as being his Brother's Daughters; he had the Fates also on his Side, who were superior to Jupiter himself, and able to turn the Scale against the whole Heaven. And Pluto was so sensible of his Odds of Power, that he made a Jest of their Attempts for Rescue, and laugh'd at their Resistance :*

Ille,



# The P R E F A C E.

Ille, velut Stabuli, &c.

Scaliger's *Animadversion* on the last Verse of the first Book;

Crastina venturæ spectantes Gaudia Prædæ:

where he asks how the Horses came to know of the Matter? is plainly too Hypercritical: For this is so natural a Figure, that all Nations have universally us'd it; as might be shewn by particular Instances, of which Scaliger's large Reading cou'd not be ignorant. And there is the Authority of his own Virgil for it, who frequently imputes Sense and Passions to Things inanimate.

Ipsi Lætitia Voces ad Sidera jactant  
Intonsi Montes: ipsæ jam Carmina Rupes,  
Ipsa sonant Arbusta. ————— Ecl. 5.

A Horse may as well know of a Wedding, as Hills and Woods rejoice and sing Songs of Praise. Virgil has also an Expression of this kind, which, I presume, will be allow'd to be much harder;

————— Nec audit Currus Habenas. Geor. 1.

Where the Chariot is put for the Horses, and Hearing the Reins, for Obeying them.

But Scaliger is certainly right in censuring Claudian for making a Digression, Book 1. concerning Mount Ætna, and inquiring into the Causes of its Eruptions in his own Person. For to suspend the main Subject, while he so unseasonably assumes the part of a natural Philosopher, is a Fault which cannot be excus'd.

## The P R E F A C E.

*I wonder how it escap'd him, that in the Invocation, Book 1. and in the Speech of Jupiter, Book 3. Claudian makes Corn not to have been known among Mankind, before Ceres taught it in her Progress; yet in describing her Journey to Phrygia, after she had left Proserpine in Sicily, he says Corn grew up suddenly in the Fields thro' which her Chariot pass'd, and follow'd the Track.*

*By the original Structure of the Fable of Ceres, this Virtue might, perhaps, be inseparable from the Wheels of her Chariot, which necessarily produc'd the Effect where-ever they touch'd on the Ground: but as Claudian was under no Necessity to mention these Particulars, so the most commodious way to save him from a seeming Contradiction, is to conceive, that either the Corn which arose in those Places, was not observ'd by any, or, if it was, that Men knew not the Use of it, or the Means of improving it.*

*The Argument of this Poem is not simple, or one alone, for it shou'd then have concluded with Pluto's making the Rape; whereas Claudian proposes to relate farther, the Search of Ceres for her Daughter, her Success in the Search, and her teaching Agriculture to the World. But of all he wrote upon the Subject, only these three Books are now left us; the last of which is also imperfect. However, they entirely comprehend the Adventure of the Rape, which is made the Title of the whole. The Fable is engaging, the Painting lively, the Speeches gracefully conceiv'd, and the Similies pertinently chosen. In Proof of this, I shall only mention the Description of the Lawn, Book 2. The Speech of Pluto in the same Book, and the Simile of Boreas, Book 1. of the Shepherd missing his Cattle, and of the Mother Bird, Book 3. the last of which is extremely tender.*

Pos-

## The P R E F A C E.

*Possibly in the Scene which Proserpine embroiders on the Scarf, Book 1. there may be a secret Allusion to the future Dominion she was to obtain over the whole Race of Nature, by becoming Pluto's Wife, as well as to her Celestial Descent. For the Pagans held the Earth and all the sublunary Stars were perishable, and obnoxious to Corruption; and Pluto, when he is carrying her away, among other Arguments of Consolation, acquaints her, that she shou'd possess an Empire to which every thing beneath the Moon was in Subjection, and shou'd finally descend. And it may not be without a like Design, that upon the Garment she wears when she goes out with Venus, Book 2. the Poet places the Figures of Phœbus and Diana. For Phœbus was the God of Day, and Diana was the Patroness of Virginity; both which, Proserpine was then to lose. They were also her Relations, Jupiter being their common Father, tho' by different Mothers. And beside this Affinity, Apollo was one of her principal Suiters. He was, indeed, his Mistress's Brother; but the Pagan Morals scrupled not to represent their Gods as acting all manner of Impurity and Vice, in as great Excesses as were ever practis'd among Men. Nor was Proserpine dispos'd of much more honestly in the present Match, for Pluto was her Uncle.*

*To this Poem of Claudian I have added the latter Half of the sixth Book of Lucan, which seems to be a very entertaining Part of the Pharsalia, tho' it has not appear'd among the new Translations lately given us from that Author.*

*I shall not undertake to compare Lucan and Claudian together, and to decide concerning their Merit; tho' this Piece of Lucan being his own Invention, and not a History, a Comparison might be more equally form'd between them. We shall scarce-*

## The P R E F A C E.

*ly find any thing in the Pharsalia more poetically imagin'd, or wrought up with greater Strength, than the Relation of the Theſſalian Magic, the Deſcription of Erichtho's Perſon and Manners, her Incantations and Sorceries, where ſhe raiſes the Soldier's Spirit, and the Speech in which, by the different Behaviour of the Ghoſts in the Infernal Regions, accordingly as they approv'd the Cauſe of Cæſar or Pompey, he intimates to Her and Sextus the Succeſs of the Battel concerning which they inquir'd. For with his uſual Averſion to Cæſar, the Poet artfully repreſents the Manes of thoſe Romans who had been Enemies to their Country, and were Movers of popular Inſurrections and Tumults, as full of Gladneſs and Triumph; while the better Shades, who had honourably ſerv'd the Common-wealth, and ſtood in its Defence, are dejected and grieve at the Proſpect of the Fall of the Roman Liberty in Pompey.*

*As to the Reply of Erichtho to Sextus, the Doctrine which is expreſs'd in it is ſo inconſiſtent and abſurd, that it is impoſſible to make it intelligible. She begins with magnifying her Power, by which ſhe engages to reverſe and change the Deſtiny of any particular Perſon without Exception; and at the ſame time, declares an univerſal Series of Cauſes had fatally pre-determin'd all Events from the Origin of the World, which it was impoſſible to alter: And therefore as to the approaching Battel, ſhe cou'd indeed reveal the Iſſue of it to him, but ſhe cou'd do nothing to influence it. If he wanted any thing beyond this, ſhe adviſes him to ſeek for it from Fortune; one Caprice of whoſe, ſhe ſays, wou'd more avail him, than the Art of her and all the Witches of Theſſaly; tho' they are deſcrib'd as commanding the Gods and the whole Frame of Nature at pleaſure, and her Powers are extended far beyond*

## THE PREFACE.

yond theirs, and 'tis expressly said, she can over-rule the Fates, *Vim faciat Fatis*. But the Names Fortune and Fate, so common with the Heathens, Mr. Le Clerc rightly observes, were *Nomina Nihili*, empty Words, of which they who us'd them had no Ideas; and the Passage he quotes to prove it, is taken from this Speech of Erichtho.

I know not whether there is the Authority of any Commentator to justify the Criticism, but I have a Suspicion that it is by an Oversight, two of the four following Lines have been continu'd in the Copies of Lucan;

Nec cessant a Cæde Manus, si Sanguine vivo  
Est Opus, erumpat Jugulo qui primus aperto.  
Nec refugit Cædes, vivum si Sacra Cruorem  
Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia Mensæ.

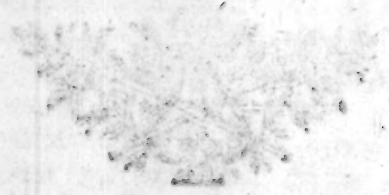
The Sense is manifestly the same in both Couplets, and the Words are scarcely different; and therefore I believe Lucan wrote both down at the Time, and was considering in himself which of them express'd that Thought to most advantage, but forgot to strike out the Verses he rejected. However, I leave my Conjecture, with the Errors and Defects in these Translations, to the candid Judgment of the Reader.

1714



THE



[illegible]



THE  
RAPE of Proserpine.

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BOOK I.

---

The ARGUMENT.

*The Subject of the Poem propounded. Pluto, in a Rage, draws together his Infernal Legions, to revenge himself upon Jupiter and Neptune, his Brother Gods, because, that while themselves were happy in a Nuptial State, they took no care to supply him with a proper Bride; for in his own Dominions he had none whom he could marry. The Fates interpose, and beg him to try gentler Methods: Accordingly, he dispatches Mercury to Jupiter, to acquaint him, that unless he gratify'd him in this Particular, he would arm the Powers of Hell, and throw all things into Confusion. Jupiter grants his Request, and resolves that he shall steal Proserpine, the Daughter of Ceres, and make Her his Bride. Her Mother, who was jealous lest some Violence should be offer'd her, because of her inimitable Beauty, conveys her privately to Sicily; where she conceals her in a House built on purpose by the Cyclops. Jupiter*

*instructs Venus to go thither and betray Her from her Retirement, that his Brother might have an Opportunity to carry her away: and to prevent any Suspicion in the Virgin's Mind, he commands Diana and Pallas to bear Her Company. The three Goddeses arriving, find Proserpine at Work on a Scarf for her Mother; in which she had embroider'd the Primitive Chaos, and the Formation of the Worlds. Pluto causes his Chariot to be made ready, and prepares for the Adventure.*



HE horrid Horses and sulphureous  
Car,  
Which bore aloft th' Infernal Ravi-  
sher;

And rising from the dismal Shades of Night,  
Obscur'd the Stars, and blotted out their Light;  
The darksome Spousals of the ravish'd Pair,  
My growing Verse adventures to declare.

Far hence remove, ye lawless Rout profane,  
The sacred Rage comes rushing on amain,  
Th' abundant Fervor has my Soul possess'd,  
And all Apollo labours in my Breast.

I see the Temples shake, and nodding Shrine,  
With flashing Beams the lofty Cielings shine,  
And own the God's Approach, and Majesty Divine.  
Deep Murmurs issue from the trembling Ground,  
Th' Athenian Fane rebellows to the Sound,  
And glad Eleusis shines with holy Lights around.

Tri-

*Triptolemus's* Dragons to the Song  
 Erect their rosy Crests, and glide along :  
 See *Hecate* with her Triple Form, from far,  
 And florid *Bacchus*, to the Games appear ;  
 His wavy Hair with wreathing Ivy ty'd,  
 And on his Back is thrown the Tiger's Pride,  
 The gilded Glaws in equal Order meet ;  
 And his crown'd Spear assists his erring Feet.

Ye Pow'rs, who rule o'er empty Plains below,  
 Of listless Shades, and waste Dominions know ;  
 To whose insatiate Realms, whatever dies,  
 By Grant descends, and in Subjection lies ;  
 Whom rolling *Styx* with livid Streams surrounds,  
 And the loud *Phlegethon's* hot Eddy bounds :  
 Shew me the Secrets of your nightly Reign,  
 And ev'ry sacred Mystery explain.  
 What wondrous Flame did *Pluto's* Breast inspire,  
 And melted into Love and soft Desire ;  
 How ravish'd *Proserpine* was borne away,  
 Endow'd with Chaos and th' Infernal Sway.  
 Her anxious Mother's wand'ring Course declare,  
 From whence the Plains their golden Harvests bear,  
 And all the Laws of Husbandry began,  
 And Corn, for falling Acorns, nourish'd Man.

The King of Ghosts, with Indignation fir'd,  
 Against his Brethren of the Sky conspir'd,

That he alone shou'd want the Nuptial Cares,  
 And barren pass his solitary Years,  
 Nor know the Husband's nor the Father's Name;  
 Th' impatient Thoughts his moody Mind inflame.  
 In the huge Hollow of the Depths of Hell  
 Whatever Forms and hideous Monsters dwell,  
 Against the Thund'rer, at his stern Command,  
 With angry Arms compose a-griev'd Band :  
 The summon'd Furies in the Front appear,  
 And dire *Tisiphone* with hissing Hair  
 Toss'd high her Torch, and with a dreadful Sound  
 Calls the grim Legions to the Camp around.  
 And now the loosen'd Elements again  
 Had shock'd in Fight, and throwing off their Chain,  
 Th' enormous Titans, issuing from their Night,  
 With impious Arms, had fill'd the Fields of Light;  
*Ægeon*, with his hundred Hands, defy'd  
 The flashing Lightning, and the Thunders try'd :  
 But fearing for the World, with watchful Care,  
 The Fates allarm'd forbid the threaten'd War,  
 Suppliant before the furlly Sov'reign's Throne,  
 They loose their Hair, and fall with Rev'rence  
 down ;  
 Their Hands embrace his Knees, those Hands that [twine  
 All Human Lots, and Destinies Divine ;  
 And from the Threads on their Eternal Reel,  
 Of future Ages, the long Fortunes deal.

Loudly



# Book I. PROSERPINE.

5

Loudly she rais'd her Cry, and for the rest,  
To the fierce Sire thus *Lachesis* address'd ;

O King supreme, and Father of the Night,  
Monarch of Shades, and of resistless Might !  
For whom our Looms are furnish'd, who dost give  
All Things to perish, and again to live,  
And, each distributing with awful Sway,  
Dost Life with Death alternately repay :  
For from the common Mass what'er is bred  
In Nature's Round, does from thy Gift proceed,  
To thee returns ; and when the measur'd Pause  
Of rolling Years is run, by certain Laws,  
The passing Minds their former Load sustain,  
Are born, tho' loth, and sheath'd in Flesh again ;  
Seek not to break th' establish'd Bands of Peace  
Which we have fix'd, thy impious Arms release,  
Nor sound the Signal for thy Troops to move,  
With Civil Rage, against the Gods above.  
Why dost thou bring the Titans to the Light ?  
Petition *Jove*, and he will do thee Right ;  
A charming Bride thy longing Arms shall bless,  
And, with her Beauties, crown thy Happiness.

Scarce had she finish'd, when his gloomy Mind,  
Unus'd to melt, was at her Pray'r inclin'd.  
His Fury falls, and cooling in his Blood,  
His Passion settles, and indignant Mood.

As when hoarse *Boreas*, arming all the Rage  
 Of the wild *Whirlwind* in his hollow Cage,  
 Prepares a Wreck, and meditates from far  
 A bleak Destruction and a wintry War;  
 To freeze the Floods, and bury in the Snow  
 The leafless Forests, and the Ground below,  
 To toss the Billows of the mounting Main,  
 And beat his rattling Hailstones on the Plain;  
 If then his God the brazen Gates oppose,  
 And in his Hold the blustering Tempest close,  
 His swelling Wrath in empty Threats expires,  
 And fleet to his Cave the madding *Blast* retires.

Now *Mela's* Son he rises, with ready Speed  
 The God obeys, his Wings adorn his Head;  
 He shakes the Virtue of the sleepy Wand,  
 And hastens to receive the high Command  
 Obscure in Majesty and cloudy State,  
 On his rude Throne the lofty Sov'reign late;  
 Obscene with Filth, his Ensign of Command,  
 A pond'rous Sceptre loads his spacious Hand;  
 A fustier Fog, sublimely on his Head  
 Diffus'd its Mist, and rose a Pyramid:  
 A deep Distress is in his Visage seen,  
 And Grief augments the Horrors of his Mien;  
 Then thus he thunders, in a bellowing Voice:  
 All Hell is silent at her Tyrant's Noise;

# Book I. PROSERPINE.

7

The Dog is dumb, and stops his triple Roar;  
No Cries rebound on sad *Corymbus* Shore;  
Loud *Acheron* is hush'd, and slowly glides,  
And *Phlegethon* repress'd his murr'ring Tides.

Offspring of *Atlas*, and my Nephew dear,  
Of Hell and Heav'n the common Messenger,  
Who can't alone appear in either Court,  
Free of both Worlds, which own thy glad Resort.  
Wing on the sitting Winds thy Flight above,  
And bear this Message to the laughing Jove:  
What Right on me, O Tyrant, canst thou plead  
Or dost thou think our native Strength is fled,  
When random Fortane gave the Heav'n away,  
Our Virtue losing, when we lost the Day;  
Of prostrate that we lie, with grovelling Mind,  
Of thee afraid, and to thy Pow'r resign'd;  
Because no smoky Fires, or railing Brand,  
With idle Terrors, arm our better Hand?  
Is't not enough, that banish'd from the Light,  
Our cruel Lot has fix'd us in the Night,  
Dangling to rule, with a tremendous Reign,  
Over empty Shadows, and a hideous Plain?  
While in the happy Skies you wear your Crown,  
And all the glitt'ring Stars gild your Imperial  
But dost thou also bar the nuptial Bed, [Throne?  
And sullenly ordain me not to wed?

Fair *Amphitrite*, *Neptune* has possess'd,  
 And *Juno* lulls thee in her fragrant Breast;  
 Besides the wand'ring Loves which fill'd thy Arms,  
*Latona*, *Ceres*, and great *Themis'* Charms.  
 So wantonly your Genial Fires around  
 You spread, with such a num'rous Issue crown'd;  
 But I, inglorious in my lonely Hall,  
 To sooth my Cares, no chearful Offspring call:  
 Awak'd to such Affronts, by endless Night,  
 And *Stryx*, I swear, Unless thou do'st me right,  
 All Hell I'll raise, and break old *Satan's* Chain,  
 And choak, with mounting Fogs, th' *Aetherial*  
 With cloudy Chaos mix the shining Pole, [Plain;  
 O'erturn thy upper Worlds, and spoil the whole.

Scarcely he spoke, when, with dispatchful Flight,  
 The sacred Envoy gain'd the Fields of Light;  
 Expos'd his Errand to th' Almighty Sire,  
 He heard, and pond'ring on the God's Desire  
 And surly Menaces, his Thought employ'd,  
 For the dark King to find a fitting Bride;  
 The Pledge of happy Peace, who might be won,  
 For *Strygian* Night to change the chearful Sun,  
 And, musing long, at last he fix'd his Choice on  
 one.

*Ceres*, the Pow'r of the prolifick Year,  
 One only Daughter had, supremely Fair,

# Book I. PROSERPINE.

9

Nor bore a second Birth ; in this alone  
 More Honours she obtain'd, and more Renown  
 Than all the teeming Mothers ; in her Face  
 Her *Proserpine* had sum'd the Beauties of a Race  
 She cherishes the Darling, Night and Day,  
 And follows still, and fond with childish Play.  
 Not so the Mother of the milky Train  
 Attends her young, and fosters on the Plain ;  
 E'er yet the tender Hoofs have press'd the Green,  
 Or the new Horns upon the Front are seen.  
 The Maid, now past an Infant, feels the Flames  
 Of spritely Love, and innocently claims ;  
 She hopes the Nuptial State, but hopes with Fear,  
 And wishes, but her Wish is unsincere.  
 The Palace swarms with Suiters, at her Side  
 The gloomy *Mars* and bright *Apollo's* Pride  
 With Rival Vows the shining Virgin try'd.  
*Mars* vaunts the Trophies of the routed Field,  
 And *Phæbus* in unerring Shafis excell'd.  
 That offers *Rodophe*, and this the Shade  
 Of *Delos*, *Claros*, which his Pow'r obey'd.  
 Their Mothers for their Sons the Courtship press,  
*Latona*, *Juno*, but without Success ;  
*Ceres* rejects them both ; and, struck with Fear  
 Of a foul Rape, resolves to hide her Care  
 (Blind to her Fate) in distant *Sicily*,  
 And in the secret Isle intrusts her Joy.



*Trinacria* join'd with *Italy*; before  
 Th' impetuous Ocean funder'd either Shore;  
 With the twain Surge the rooted Hills are rent;  
 And the Land wrested from the Continent;  
 In neighbouring Ken the sever'd Coasts are ken,  
 And the victorious Seas triumphant pour between  
 The new-made Island, with three Angles clos'd,  
 Is to the Rage of warring Waves oppos'd;  
 For here *Pachynus*, with his ridgy Sides,  
 Rolls off the Fury of th' *Ionian* Tides;  
 And there the Billows, from *Gela's* Shore,  
 Lash *Lilybæum*, and indignant roar;  
 And brookless of Restraint, the *Tyrbene* Main  
 On firm *Pelor's* tries its Force in vain.  
 Fix'd in the midst is *Ætna* round,  
*Ætna* for vanquish'd Giants still renown'd:  
*Enceladus's* Load, who, crush'd beneath, breathe  
 From his large Breast does burning Tempests  
 Still as the Monster, weary of the Weight,  
 Exchanges Sides, he makes the Mountain's Height;  
*Sicilia* heaves, and ev'ry tottering Wall  
 Leans to the Ground, and meditates a Fall.  
 Her pointed Summits from afar are shown,  
 And are accessible to Sight alone;  
 While on her other Parts fresh Greens appear,  
 And Groves of Trees their leafy Branches rear.

Book I. PROSERPINE. 11

No hardy Hand dares turn the sultry Soil  
On the high Crown, and cultivate with Toil;  
For now black Clouds and Tempests force their way,  
And with their loathsome Patch pollute the Day;  
Now mally Fragments of the shiver'd Stone,  
Torn from her Root, against the Stars are thrown:  
But tho' the Burnings rage with such Excess,  
Yet faithful to the Snows, they keep perpetual Peace.  
And hoary Winter does her Seat maintain,  
Secure of Thaws, and unmolested reign;  
Coldly she hovers on the freezing Coast,  
And the swift Flames sweep harmless o'er the Frost.

What forceful Engines whirl aloft in Air  
The craggy Quarries, and the Mountain tear?  
From what strange Source proceeds the burning  
Stream,

Which on the wasted Valleys spouts the Flame?  
Or, in Confinement choak'd, th' imprison'd Wind  
Pushes around an open Vent to find,  
And, in its Course resist'd by the Rock,  
Bursts the blind Dens, subverted with the Shock;  
Or the Sea, entring thro' the sulph'rous Veins,  
Boils with the Fires, and on the blasted Plains  
Displodes the mingled Ruin; wildly thrown,  
The Stones and liquid Flames fall with Destruction down.

When

When *Ceres* had her precious Pledge conceal'd  
 In the lov'd Isle, the ready Way she held  
 To tow'ry *Cybel's Phrygian* Temple, there  
 To find the Goddess, and forget her Care:  
 She steers her Dragons, thro' the Clouds they fly,  
 And print a winding Track along the Sky;  
 The curbing Bit with rising Froth they stain,  
 And work their harmless Poison on the Rein:  
 High are their Crests, and speckled are their Backs  
 With azure Spots, and mix'd with golden Streaks:  
 And now aloft thro' Air they make their Flight,  
 And now descending on the Meadows light;  
 The whirling Wheels, revolving o'er the Ground,  
 The Fields impregnate as the Glebe they wound.  
 A sudden Harvest starts upon the Plain,  
 And in the Furrows springs the yellow Grain.  
 While *Ceres* urges thus her hasty Flight,  
 Retiring *Sicily* is lost to Sight:  
 And, ah! how oft the boding Tears o'erflow  
 Her rosy Cheeks, and her Affliction show:  
 How oft, with streaming Eyes, she view'd the Land  
 Which all her Wishes and her Joy contain'd!

Then, parting, thus she spoke: Delightful Shore!  
 Prefer'd to Heav'n by me, and favour'd more,  
 With thee the Darling of my Soul I trust,  
 To thy committed Pledge be kindly just!

Such

Such rich Rewards thou largely shalt receive,  
 As the fond Mother gratefully can give.  
 No vexing Share thy fruitful Soil shall know,  
 Nor drudging Oxen, nor the crooked Plow;  
 But of it self shall shoot the rising Grain  
 In swelling Clusters, and the wond'ring Swain  
 Shall reap unlabour'd Harvests from the Plain.

She said; and now her winged Dragons made  
 Th' intended Course, and reach'd the sacred Shade.  
 The worship'd Temple of the Goddess stood  
 Of branching Pine o'er-shaded with a Wood;  
 And, tho' the silent Winds were all at-peace,  
 Hoarse Murmurs ruffle thro' the whisp'ring Trees;  
 And, from within, a more amazing Sound  
 Is loudly heard, and bellows all around:  
 Religious *Ida* horrid Howlings fill,  
 And shake the Forrest on the trembling Hill.

At *Ceres*' sudden Sight the Concert ceas'd,  
 The Chorus stop'd, and their wild Notes suppress'd;  
 The *Corybants* forbore their Swords to wield  
 In antick Form, and clasp'd against the Shield.  
 The sounding Timbrels and the Pipes were mute,  
 And the tame Lions fawn'd beneath her Foot:  
 And *Cybel*, issuing from her Face in haste,  
 The welcome Goddess lovingly embrac'd.

Now

Now *Japhet*, from his superior Height,  
Beheld th' Adventure with observant Sight;  
To *Venus* then the Secret he confess'd:

The careful *Bowden* of noy libling Beast,  
To thee, bright Charmer of the Skies, I'll tell,  
And no Intention from thy Ear conceal:  
The sooty Sov'reign, firmly 'tis decreed,  
The beauteous *Proserpine* shall shortly wed;  
So *Thetis* has pronounc'd, and so conspire  
Concurring Fates, and such is my Desire:  
Then, while her Mother's absent, take thy way  
To *Sicily*, the Daughter to betray;  
And snatch Her from her Cell, with unsuspected Play.  
And when the Purple Morning paints the Skies,  
Instructed with thy Wiles, th' uncautious Fate surprise:  
The Train of snary Stratagems employ,  
Which me and all have caught, entangled into Joy.  
Why shou'd the Gloom of *Dis* thy Sway disdain?  
Thro' ev'ry Realm extend thy pleasing Reign;  
And in the fallen Regions of the Dead  
Let *Venus* triumph, and her Conquests spread;  
The grievous Furies with the Flame inspire,  
And melt the ruthless King with thy prevailing Fire!

Smil'd the soft Goddess, and with dutious Speed  
Prepares t' accomplish what her Sire decreed;

At



# Book I. PROSERPINE.

15

At his Command, attending her are seen  
The chaste *Minerva* and the Hunter-Queen  
Where-e'er the illustrious Train pursue their way,  
A golden Path appears, and following Day.  
So threatening Comets, flaring from on high  
Their sanguine Beams, dart swiftly thro' the Sky;  
They stream a ruddy Trail, and not in vain,  
The Sailor sees them on the wavy Plain, [Train  
And trembling Nations dread the long malignant  
The bearded Blaze in impending fire follows  
Of wrecking Tempests, or invading Foes.

And now the Deities approach the Place,  
Where anxious *Ceres* lodg'd her tender Race;  
With Pomp adorn'd the glittering Dome appear'd,  
And by the *Cyclops* Master-Skill was rear'd.  
The Walls and Posts wert Iron; the spacious Door  
With Sheets of stubborn Steel was plated o'er.  
The drudging Brethren ne'er, with equal Toil,  
Labour'd so vast a Work, or rais'd so firm a Pile;  
Nor the huge Bellows with their hollow Frame,  
Swell'd with such gather'd Blasts, to puff the Flame;  
Nor ever such a rolling Flood before  
Of molten Metal the hot Furnace bore.  
The Hall was fac'd around with Ivory clear,  
And Beams of Brass the lofty Summit bear.

Amber,

Amber, in tow'ring Columns, rose on high, [Eye.  
 And with th' unusual Sight surpriz'd the wond'ring  
 Then, singing to her Work, with fruitless Care,  
 The tender Virgin did a Scarf prepare }  
 For her lov'd Mother, when returning there. }  
 Neat in th' embroider'd Ground, the curious Maid,  
 Her native Heav'n and th' Elements, display'd ;  
 How interposing Nature hush'd the War  
 Of huddled Chaos, and compos'd the Jar :  
 Sever'd the Seeds ; and suiting to their Kind,  
 To proper Places all the Parts assign'd.  
 The light, sublimely borne, ascend on high,  
 The heavy sink, and far beneath them lie :  
 The Sky is lighted up, the Planets roll,  
 And active Flame informs the rapid Pole :  
 And flow the Seas, and pour their Waves along,  
 And Earth suspended on her Balance hung.

In various Colours, she express'd the whole ;  
 In Gold the Stars are kindled, purple roll  
 The washing Billows, and the Gems display  
 An imitated Shore, to bound the seeming Sea.  
 The lying Waves, as liquid in the Brede,  
 Rise by her Art, and swell within their Bed.  
 The gath'ring Ooze the slimy Rock besmears,  
 And working in a Foam, the Main appears,  
 With chiding Sounds to threat the deafen'd Ears. }

She

She adds the sev'ral Climes; the torrid Zone  
 Frys with the Fervor of th' incessant Sun.  
 The habitable two, a milder Sky,  
 Proportion'd Heat, and welcome Beams; enjoy.  
 Then; far beneath, eternal Winter reigns,  
 And bitter Frost the bleaky Robe constrains,  
 Shiv'ring to Sight, and lively in the Stains.  
 Nor had she there forgot the Court to show  
 Of mighty *Pluto*, and the Ghosts below :  
 Nor wanted Omen to her future Fate,  
 For suddenly with Tears her Cheeks are wet.

The winding Ocean she began to draw,  
 When, listning to the Sound, she turn'd and saw  
 Th' approaching Goddeffes; with modest Grace,  
 The running Blushes kindle all her Face.  
 Not ev'n so deep the tainted Iv'ry glows,  
 When the fresh Purple does its Red oppose.

The Day was clos'd, and silent Night began  
 To shake her sleepy Dews on weary Man;  
 When *Pluto* longs to try the pleasing Way,  
 By *Jove* admonish'd, to the Light of Day.  
 The fell *Alecto* to the Chariot bound  
 The frightful Team, which rudely feed around  
*Cocytus*' Banks, and o'er the gloomy Space  
 Of *Erebus*, in ample Pasture graze ;

And

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And drink, when satiate with their horrid Food,  
A swilling Bev'idge from th' oblivious Flood:

Orphneus fierce, Swift *Edon*, *Aylen* best  
Of *Phao's* Breed; and mark *Alaph* tall,  
Before the Palace stand; they toll, they neigh,  
Impatient for the Race, and hoping of the Prey.

*The End of the First Book.*





# THE RAPE of Proserpine.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

At the Persuasion of Venus, Proserpine ventures out, early in the Morning, from her Apartment, into the pleasant Fields, which lay near the City Enna: The Lawn beautifully describ'd. While they are busy in gathering the several Flowers, Pluto makes his way thro' the Earth, and rising above Ground in his Chariot, seizes Proserpine, and carries her away with him, in spite of Diana and Pallas; who are forbid by Jupiter, to attempt her Rescue: Pluto endeavours to appease her Sorrows, by representing to her, the great Dignity and Command to which she should be advanc'd, by becoming his Wife. Upon their Arrival, a Multitude of the Shades flock round about to behold their Queen; and there is a general Cessation of Torments, and an universal Joy among the Ghosts. The Marriage-Ceremonies are perform'd, and the Epithalamium is sung by a Choir of the Infernal Spirits.

**T**HE Dawn, arising on the Eastern Sea,  
With trembling Beams, precluded to  
the Day,  
[rent's Charge,  
When told, and thoughtless of her Fate,  
Glad Proserpine had let her foot at large,

De-



Deceiv'd by *Venus*, (so the Fates decreed)  
 And sought her Pastime on the flow'ry Mead.  
 Thrice the harsh Hinges gave a boding Sound,  
 Thrice groaning *Ætna* grumbled all around ;  
 Yet no Prefages shock'd the Virgin's Mind,  
 Her Sister Goddesses she freely join'd.

*Venus* goes first, with an enchanting Shape,  
 Laughing, and conscious of the future Rape,  
 And hopes the coming Hour, to fix her Reign  
 O'er sullen Chaos, and th' Infernal Plain ;  
 Subdu'd to see in boasted Triumph led  
 The ruthless Ruler of th' unnumber'd Dead.  
 In wavy Curls her braided Hair was dress'd,  
 The curious Ringlets heav'nly Art express'd ;  
 Her purple Gown a sparkling Buckle bound,  
 Her Husband's Gift, and held it from the Ground.  
 Then came the spotless Queen of Woodland Game,  
 With her whose Arms protect th' *Athenian* Fame :  
 Both Virgins ; this is dreaded in the Field,  
 And that in Huntings happily excell'd.

High on her Helmet, menacing before,  
 The horrid *Typhon's* Form *Minerva* bore ;  
 Tho' slain above, below the Monster lives,  
 Dies in this Part, and in this Part survives.  
 Pointed with polish'd Steel, her weighty Spear  
 Rose like a lofty Beam erect in Air ;

While

Book II. PROSERPINE. 21

While on her Shield, which bore the *Gorgon's*  
Head,

With friendly Care her flourish'd Gown she spread;  
But the mild Beauties of the *Sylvan* Queen  
Were sweetly fair, and all her Charms serene:

She looks her Brother in her radiant Face;  
Her Cheeks and sparkling Eyes express his Grace:

The same she were, did not her Sex alone  
A Diff'rence cause, and make the Virgin known.

Her Arms are naked to th' admiring Eye,  
And in the Wind her careless Tresses fly.

Her furnish'd Quiver on her Shoulder hung,  
And her neglected Bow was now unstrung.

Her *Cretan* Vest, short-gather'd from the Ground,  
A double Girdle regularly bound;

The floating *Delos* the rich Robes display, [Sea.

And round the wand'ring Isle is wrought a golden

Then *Ceres'* Daughter, now her Mother's Pride,

Shortly her Grief, goes equal by their Side;

In Form and Grace the same: she *Pallas* were,

Arm'd with a Shield; and if a Dart she bear,

She wou'd *Diana* to the Sight appear.

In pleated Knots her costly Garments bound,

With Jasper Stones were delicately crown'd.

The flying Shuttle ne'er, with better Skill,

Finish'd a Vest, or wove a Silk so well.

Th' embroider'd Figures ev'n with Nature strive,

And seem to heave with Breath, and truly live.

With

With Infant Face there the young Sun was drawn,  
 And next, the paler Moon began to dawn,  
 Just born they were, and glowing into Light,  
 The radiant Rulers of the Day and Night.  
*Tethys* attends, and with indulgent Care,  
 Lulls in her Lap the soft illustrious Pair :  
 The shining Babes her snowy Bosom gild  
 With mingling Rays, and mutual Splendor yield.  
 On her right Arm, she holds *Apolla's* Weight;  
 Mild is his Lustre, and beginning Light,  
 Not with the Blaze of ripen'd Glory bright.  
 And weeping as he seem'd to raise his Cry,  
 Soft Beams diffuse, and break from either Eye :  
 And *Phæbe*, sucking, on the Breast declines,  
 A little Crescent round her Temples shines.

Gaudy with such Attire, amongst her Train,  
 Goes *Proserpine*; and issuing on the Plain,  
 From all their Springs, the Nymphs attend around:  
 From thee, *Crinisus*, and for Speed renown'd  
*Pantagias*, ev'ry wond'ring *Nais* came :  
 From marshy *Camarina*, known to Fame,  
 And *Gelas* too, which gave the City Name.  
 From *Arethusa's* Source, and from the Flood  
 Of her *Alpheus*, came a beauteous Crowd.  
 Chaste *Cyane* conducts them o'er the Meads,  
 And all their Graces, in her own, exceeds.

Such

## Book II. PROSERPINE.

23

Such the fair Troop of *Amazons* is seen  
With moony Shields, and headed by their Queen;  
When trembling *Tanais* has their Fury try'd;  
Or the fierce *Getes* their Female Arms defy'd;  
And proudly glitt'ring with their plunder'd Spoils,  
The fierce *Virago's* march triumphant from their  
Toils.

And such a Quire the Games of *Bacchus* hold,  
At *Hermus*' Banks, whose Streams are rich with  
Gold;

While the pleas'd River still, his Joy to show,  
Redundant gushes with a wondrous Flow.

*Enna* beheld them from her verdant Crown,  
Where laughing Flow'rs on the fresh Summit shone;

And in the Vale beneath, the balmy Wind,  
*Zephyr* the soft, to tender *Roses* kind:

And thus began; O Father of the Spring,  
Whose genial Breath incessantly does bring  
The painted Beauties on my bloomy Plain,  
And kindly feeds, with an indulgent Reign:

Thou see'st the sprightly Nymphs, the youthful Race  
Of *Jove's* own Daughters, with Celestial Grace,

Sport on my Fields, and merrily appear, *Ever*  
Then brightly dress the Scene, and perfect all the

Array my fragrant Groves, and gayly crown  
With the prime Blessings which thou boast'st thy

own:

And

And let the Whispers of thy pregnant Breeze,  
 Call out the luscious Fruits upon the Trees,  
 With flav'rous Juice, that *Hybla* may repine,  
 And own his Orchards are excell'd by mine.  
 Whatever Spices scent *Pancea's* Grove,  
 And round *Hydaspes'* balmy Borders move;  
 Whate'er the *Phoenix*, to compleat his Store,  
 Gathers, with Care, from the *Sabeen* Shore,  
 To build his Pile, in the Perfume to burn,  
 And rise reviv'd from his mysterious Urn;  
 Waft on my Greens; thy pompous Honours bear,  
 And scatter all collected Odours there.

That the rich Flow'rs may tempt the Quire Divine,  
 To cull their Colours, and in Chaplets twine.

She said: His Wings auspicious *Zephyr* shakes,  
 The trickling Dew a joyous Season makes;  
 Where-e'er he flies, appears the Vernal Dye;  
 The Ground is green, and smiles the cheerful Sky.  
 With Crimson fresh he paints the ruddy Rose,  
 And on the darker *Hyacinth* bestows  
 A shaded Tincture, and with purple Veins  
 The springing V'lets delicately stains.  
 Not so, with Gems enchas'd, around the Loins  
 Of *Parthian* Kings the glitt'ring Girdle shines.  
 What Fleece, that with the deep Infection glows  
 Drench'd in the Dye, such various Graces shows.



# BOOK II. PROSERPINE. 27

Not *Juno's* Bird, the Beauty of the Skies,  
Proud of his Tail diversify'd with Eyes,  
Unfolds such Colours in his curious Train;  
Nor the bright Bow, which compasses the Rain;  
When on the breaking Clouds, the catching Light  
Paints the gay Arch, and finishes to Sight.

The goodly Scene of this enchanting Place,  
Did ev'n the lovely Flow'rs by far surpass.  
Smooth on a Plain it lay, and all around  
With mild Ascent swell'd slow to rising Ground.  
By unperceiv'd Degrees the Mountain grew,  
Easy to tread, and pleasing to the View.  
Here chrystal Fountains, from the living Stone,  
In stragling Streams thro' the green Herbage run.  
And there a venerable Wood extends,  
Which the fierce Sun's Meridian Beams defends;  
And in the sultry Heat of Summer, made  
A welcome Coolness and refreshing Shade.  
The Trees were several: the sailing Fir,  
And the strong Cornel, useful in the War:  
*Jove's* fav'rite Oak, the fun'ral Cypress' Height,  
The precious Laurel, verdant to the Sight;  
With dancing Leaves, the bulby Box appears,  
Its creeping Trail the winding Ivy rears;  
And round the friendly Elm the purple Vine  
Adheres.

C

Fall

Fast by, a Lake, in *Sicily* of Fame,  
 Was amply spread, and *Pergus* is the Name,  
 And on the shaded Margin tow'ring stood  
 The leavy Shelter of a verdant Wood.  
 The limpid Pool, transparent to the Sight,  
 Did to the Bottom ev'ry Eye admit :  
 And thro' the pure and simple Water show  
 Distinct the Gravel and the Sand below.

'Twas here the joyous Virgins took their way  
 With merry Hearts, and gave a loose to Play :  
 And *Venus* bids them search the Fields to find  
 Garlands of Flow'rs, and round their Temples bind.  
 This, my Companions, is the proper Time,  
 In the fresh Morn, and in the cooler Prime;  
 While my bright Star its copious Dew distills.  
 On the glad Ground, and with the Moisture fills.  
 She said ; Then crop'd the Flow'r which told her

Grief :

The beauteous Nymphs obey their beauteous Chief ;  
 And busily, in many a scatter'd Ring,  
 Spoil the gay Honours of the wanton Spring.  
 Thus, early in the Year, the swarming Bees  
 Prepare t' invade the Thyme and balmy Trees ;  
 They move their waken Camp, the Monarchs lead,  
 And thro' the Skies the winged Army head ;  
 To the sweet Bow'rs they take their airy Course,  
 And on the flav'rous Leaves pour their united Force.

Dis-

# Book II. PROSERPINE. 27

Dispers'd upon the Lawn, the sportive Train  
 Strip all the Glories of the verdant Plain:  
 This gather'd Lillies, and the dusky Shade  
 Of Violets mix'd, and into Garlands made;  
 Another Daffodils in order bound;  
 And that is proud with Rosy Chaplets crown'd.  
 Thee, *Hyacinth*, and thee, *Narcissus* there  
 They pull, and on their showy Foreheads wear.  
 Unhappy Flow'rs! whose little Leaves express  
 Your suckless Fate, and your once lovely Grace;  
 On a frail Stalk you grow, and dress the Field,  
 Who once the Crouds of fairest Youths excell'd:  
*Amyclas* gave that Birth, this *Helicon*,  
 One a Quoit ruin'd, and a Fountain one;  
 Thee *Delias* with dejected Looks deplores;  
 For thee, *Cepheissus* sighs along his Shores.

The Hope and Darling of the fruitful Queen,  
 More eager of the wanton Play was seen,  
 And loads her Canisters with Plunder of the  
 Green;

She sorts the several Flow'rs, and crowns her  
 A fatal Omen of the Nuptial Bed. [Head,

The Maid Armipotent, a dreadful Pow'r,  
 Who drives th' embattel'd Host, and shakes the so-  
 lid Tow'r,

Laid by her Spear, and sooth'd with gay Desire,  
 Now mildly mixes with the softer Quire;

The Horror of her Helm, the Warriors Pride;  
 Wreaths of fair Roses, innocently hide;  
 She shines with peaceful Decorations, dress'd,  
 And Flow'rs nod harmless from her lofty Crest.  
 Nor ev'n the Goddess of the Chace disdains  
 The merry Pastime on the silken Plains;  
 But binds in Order her dishevel'd Hairs,  
 And a sweet Chaplet round her Temples wears.

While thus they urge their Sport, a grumbling  
 Alarms their Ears, and thunders all around; [Sound  
 The Turrets totter, and the trembling Wall  
 Heaves from its Base, inclining to the Fall:  
 The Cause unknown: but *Cytherea* smiles,  
 With mingled Terror, conscious of her Wiles;  
 And now the King of Ghosts from Hell profound,  
 His Passage pushes thro' the stifled Ground:

*Exceladers* the fiery Coursers trod,  
 And crush his monst'rous Members with the Load;  
 The Giant labours with the pond'rous Freight;  
 And vainly tries to shake aside the Weight,  
 And stop the Car: the groaning Wheels indent  
 His Back, and bruise it with a burning Print.

And as a Captain traverses his way  
 In secret Mines, the City to betray;  
 Safe his Approaches he prepares below,  
 From thence to rush on his unthinking Foe;

And

Book II. PROSERPINE. 29

And while in Peace the Town securely lies,  
Starting from Earth the sudden Soldiers rise,  
And their eluded Enemies surprize;

So *Saturn's* heather Heir a Path explores,  
And the dark Soil in ev'ry Quarter bores,  
Ambitious of the Light; no Gate was found  
To admit the Chariot thro' the solid Ground;  
The Rocks oppose, and his Ascent withstand,  
And chain him down with their Eternal Band.  
Impatient, fierce, he suffers no Delay,  
But all indignant frees th' incumber'd Way;  
With his huge Scepter strikes the rooted Stone:  
Loud Echoes thro' *Sicilia's* Caverns run,  
And lab'ring *Lipare* is heard to groan.  
Ev'n *Vulcan* stood astonish'd in his Cell,  
And from the *Cyclops* Hands the Thunder fell.  
Th' Inhabitants on *Alpine* Hills from far,  
In their bleak Caves, perceiv'd the Tumult there,  
And such as fall'd on *Tiber's* humble Flood,  
(*Tiber* not then with *Roman* Honours proud)  
And o'er the *Po's* impetuous Current row'd.

So when *Theffulia* lay beneath the Tide  
Of *Peneus*, and the Rocks on ev'ry side  
Shut in the Waves, and a Retreat deny'd;  
*Neptune*, irrag'd to see the floated Plain  
Lost to the Beast, and ravish'd from the Swain;



His heavy Trident brandish'd high in Air,  
 And burst the Mountains Adamantine Bar:  
 Then tow'ring *Ossa*, loosen'd with the Wound,  
 Leap'd from *Olympus* with a furious Bound;  
 The Waters are releas'd, and to the Main  
 Restor'd, and to the Husbandman the Plain.

[Hand,  
 When th' Isle, thus struck by *Pluto's* conqu'ring  
 Yawn'd in a gaping Flaw, and cleav'd the Land,  
 A sudden Horror seiz'd th' affrighted Sky;  
 The Stars disturb'd, their usual Course deny:  
 The *Bear*, in the forbidden Ocean dives,  
 And hastily his Team the slow *Bootes* drives;  
*Orion* star'd, and *Atlas*, in amaze,  
 Turn'd pale, and shudder'd at th' Infernal Neighs:  
 A cloudy Mist in heavy Vapours flies,  
 And ruddy Fogs obscure the blacken'd Skies.  
 The startling Steeds, accusom'd to the Night,  
 At the keen flashing of severer Light,  
 Curvet, and toss, and bear against the Rein,  
 To turn the Chariot back to Hell again;  
 But smartly lash'd, and reconcil'd to Day,  
 With more outrageous Speed they post away,  
 Than a swell'd River in a Wintry Flow,  
 Or the wing'd Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow;  
 Than the wild Fleetness of the Southern Wind,  
 Or sharp Reflections of an anxious Mind.

They

They bleed, they blow, and breathing, poison round  
 Th' infected Air, and blast the tainted Ground.  
 The screaming Nymphs fly, scatt'ring, in Dismay,  
 While helpless *Proserpine* is borne away  
 In the black Chariot, and implores amain  
 Her kindred Goddesses upon the Plain,  
 Now *Pallas* lifts her Shield; her level'd Bow  
*Phoebe* prepares, and aims a speedy Blow.  
 The common Cause excites their common Aid,  
 Of pure Virginity to Rape betray'd.  
 At their weak Threats, the scornful Monarch  
 As when a Lion, issuing from the Wild, [sing'd:  
 A beauteous Heifer seizes in his Claws,  
 He tears the Bowels with his hungry Jaws;  
 On the dismember'd Prey he vents his Spite,  
 And gluts with Blood his rav'nous Appetite;  
 Smear'd with the Gore, he shakes his brindled Main,  
 And mocks the Shepherds who assault in vain.

Thou griev'd Ruler of the lazy Dead,  
*Minerva* cries, What horrid Torch has spread  
 This hideous Flame unhallow'd in thy Breast,  
 To leave thy Darkness, and our World infest?  
 With thee the *Dinae* are, with thee the Grace  
 Of neither Gods, and the grim Furies Race,  
 Worthy of Thee, and worthy thou of Them;  
 There fix, and there bestow thy Diadem;

A proper Choice: contented with thy Shade;   
 Nor impiously thy Brother's Lot invade.   
 How dar'st thou from the Seats of Death arise   
 To chearful Life, a Stranger to the Skies?

Scowling she spoke, and on the baleful Steeds   
 Dash'd her strong Shield, and batter'd round their   
 Heads.

The Gorgon's Face their forward Speed repell'd,   
 And rais'd aloft, her brandish'd Lance she held:   
 On the dun Car the glitt'ring Weapon shone,   
 And from her Arm unerringly had flown:   
 But *Jupiter*, in sign of Peace, from high   
 Roll'd a bright Blaze of Lightning thro' the Sky,   
 And own'd his new-made Son; and *Hymen* came,   
 With Peals of Thunder, to confess the same,   
 And firm'd the Marriage with a flashing Flame.   
 The Goddesses unwillingly submit   
 To *Jove's* Decree, and fourly thence retreat:   
 *Diana* sigh'd, as she her Bow unbends,   
 And to the weeping Maid these Wishes sends.

In thy kind Thoughts for ever let us dwell,   
 My parting Dear, and O! a long Farewel!   
 The Rev'rence of our Father does restrain   
 Our Arms, and makes our fond Endeavours vain;   
 We must submit to his superior Reign.

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Ev'n thy own Sire against the Daughter joins,  
 And to the silent Waste of Hell consigns.  
 Never, ah! never shalt thou see again  
 Thy Virgin Sisters, and the Nymphly Train.  
 What cruel Fortune takes Thee from Above,  
 The grieving Sky with thy Distress to move!  
 No more shalt thou, with snary Nets, betray;  
 Nor, with thy Spear, provoke the hunted Prey.  
 Securely now may range the foamy Boar,  
 And o'er the Woods the savage Lions roar.  
 Taygetus' Tops, and *Mehalas* shall weep  
 For thee, for thee thy Brother's Shrines shall keep  
 A mournful Silence, and all *Delphos* sleep

Downward the Nymph the hurrying *Charide*  
 She pounds her Cheeks, and with dishevel'd Hairs,  
 And heaving Sobs, and interrupting Sighs,  
 In vain Complains accuses thus the Skies,  
 And thus she cries, O Heav'n, O Heav'n, O Heav'n!

Why didst thou not discharge thy fork'd Fire,  
 And rattling Bolts against me, cruel Sire, on Night  
 Rather than thus to send me down beneath,  
 Shut from the World, an inmate now of Death?  
 Can't thou thy Soul of Pity quite divert?  
 Is all the Father blotted from thy Breast?  
 What Crime, alas! has call'd this Punishment?  
 I did not, when th' invading Giants bent

Against th' assaulted Skies, their mad Design,  
 Assist, nor with th' audacious Rebels join;  
 Nor steep *Olympus* with huge *Ossa's* Weight  
 Oppress, to multiply the Mountain's Height.  
 For what attempted Ill, or conscious Fault  
 Am I to *Dia's* yawning Caverns brought?  
 O happy Maidens, whose alluring Charms  
 Are made a Prey, and seiz'd in other Arms!  
 You view, at least, the Sun, the Light enjoy;  
 Tho' rarish'd, yet not banish'd from the Sky,  
 But I, abandon'd to the worst of Woes,  
 Virginky and Hell'n together lose  
 And hurry'd from the Day, a Slave am made  
 To the foul Tyrant of the gloomy Dead.  
 O fatal Flow'rs! which fondly while I pick'd,  
 A Mother's Charge I giddily desist'd  
 False *Venus*; who, by thy deceitful Wiles,  
 Hast caught a simple Virgin in thy Toils,  
 Too late I see thy Arts, and thy perfidious Smiles.  
 O Parent, help! whether at *Jove's* Foot  
 Thou now art listening to the thrilling Flute,  
 Or view'st on *Dindymus* the horrid Sight  
 Of Priests, who bleed in consecrated Fight;  
 When, flourishing their naked Swords in Air  
 Religiously they push, and Holy Wounds appear:  
 Help wretched me, who thy Assistance need,  
 With instant Succour; stop! oh! stop the Speed



Of my grim Ravisher, his Course arrest,  
And save th' unhappy Darling of thy Breast!

Her comely Grief, the Softness of her Kind,  
With Pity melt the stubborn Monarch's Mind;  
And rudely as he wipes the falling Tears,  
The frighted Maid thus tenderly he cheers.

Cease, my complaining Fair, thy Soul to tease  
With causeless Fears, thy troubled Thoughts appease.  
A nobler Scepter greatly thou shalt bear,  
A worthier Throne and larger Empire share.  
Weep not, my *Proserpine*, thou art not led  
Blindly to some ignoble Husband's Bed:  
The better *Jove* I am, whom all obey,  
Thro' the wide Waste extends my boundless Sway.  
Thou hast not lost the happy Day; below,  
Another Sky, and shining Stars we know,  
A purer Light thou shalt behold, and chuse  
Th' *Elysian* Sun, and t'other Orb refuse;  
With Transport view the Heroes honour'd Race  
And pious Shades inhabiting the Place,  
Where in full Lustre we for ever hold  
That precious Progeny and Age of Gold,  
The World above once only saw of old.  
Fair Meadows thou shalt have, perpetual Flow'rs,  
By better *Zephyrs* fed, and pleasant Bow'rs.

Not thy own *Enna* such a Scene can boast,  
 Nor vie in Riches with that verdant Coast,  
 In gloomy Groves, with yellow Metal bright,  
 A radiant Tree attracts the wond'ring Sight:  
 Holy to thee, this ever shall remain,  
 Nor any Hand thy happy Plant profane.  
 On the rich Bough refulgent Apples shine,  
 And all their Golden Autumn shall be thine.  
 This is but small: Whatever lives in Air,  
 Or feeds on Earth, or does in Seas appear,  
 What Rivers hide, or weedy Marshes own,  
 Whate'er is bred beneath the Silver Moon;  
 Whose rolling Orb divides the lower Spheres  
 From upper Heav'n, and from th' Immortal Stars;  
 Thine is the whole, whatever Nature bears.  
 Before thy lofty Throne, the haughty Pride  
 Of mighty Kings, their Purple laid aside,  
 And Pageantry of State, shall lowly fall,  
 Mix'd with the poorer Runt, for Death will equal all.  
 In Judgment thou shalt sit, with Pow'r supreme,  
 To crown the Pious, and the Bad condemn;  
 And the loath Sinners righteously compel,  
 The guilty Actions of their Lives to tell.  
 Hail Queen of neather *Jove*! receive from me,  
 The three dread Sisters, in thy Family.  
 Let what you will, be Fate. So *Pluto* said,  
 Then cheer'd his Horses, and provok'd their Speed!

Swiftly they flew, and reach'd th' Infernal Gate,  
And slowly entring, pass'd in solemn State.

The wond'ring Spirits swarm, and hover round,  
Thick as the Leaves, in Autumn, strew the Ground;  
Or ruffling Waves of the tempestuous Main,  
Or Sands upon the Shore, or Show'rs of Southern  
All Ages hasten to behold the Bride, [Rain.  
A beauteous Sight, and croud along her Side.  
The Monarch comes, and an auspicious Grace,  
Unlike himself, prevail'd upon his Face.  
At their Approach, amid his fervid Flood  
Huge Phlegæton, an awful Figure, stood;  
His hissing Beard distill'd a fiery Stream,  
And his whole Visage gutter'd down with Flame.  
Inferior Ministers attend around,  
Some, from the lofty Car, the Team unbound:  
At large they turn them in the sullen Mead,  
Joyous of Night, on their old Fare to feed.  
These raise the weighty Arras, in their Turn,  
And those the Threshold with fresh Flow'rs adorn.  
Others fulfil their Charge, and on the Bed  
The flourish'd Vests magnificently spread.  
A Quire of rev'rend Matrons meet their Queen,  
To sooth her Sorrows, and compose her Mien:  
With tender Words they pacify her Fears,  
And bind in Order her dishevel'd Hairs.

Then

Then o'er her Face they throw the welcome Veil,  
To hide her Blushes, and her Shame conceal.

All Hell rejoices, and the bury'd Dead  
In wanton Gambols jocundly are led ;  
And the crown'd *Maenads* with the Shades combine  
In genial Feasts, and in the Revels join.  
Now chearful Songs th' Eternal Silence break ;  
No Groans of Ghosts the hollow Caverns shake.  
The Gloom disperses, and continu'd Night  
Admits an Infant Dawn, and purges into Light.  
*Minos* forgot his fatal Urn to roll ;  
No Lashes sound, no punish'd Spirits howl ;  
*Ixion* turns not on his hurrying Wheel,  
Nor swift from *Tartarus* the Waters steal.  
*Ixion* rests, and *Tantalus* relieves  
His Thirst impatient, and the Draught receives :  
And *Tityus* stretch'd, stretched on the Ground,  
His spacious Limbs, which spread nine Acres round ;  
Such was the Giant's Bulk ; not in his Side,  
Her sharpen'd Beak the ravenous Vulture try'd :  
Held from the Morfel, she beholds in vain  
The wounded Liver heal, and grow again.  
The guilty Crowd th' avenging Furies spare ;  
They loose their Fetters, and the Scourge forbear ;  
And for the Draught the brimming Bowl prepare :  
Singing they quaff, and to the Goblet hold  
Their silent Snakes, which curl in many a Fold.

With

With holy Fire, a joyful Torch they light,  
 And Flames unwonted flash'd upon the Night.  
 Then first the Birds across the poison'd Lake,  
 Securely cou'd their airy Journey take.

*Ausantus* his impetuous Roar suppress'd,  
 And his unruddied Eddies smoothly rest.

And troubled *Neptunus*, they say, with Pride,  
 Chang'd his sad Wave, and pour'd a milky Tide:  
*Cocyus* too, whom branching Ivys hemm,  
 With gen'rous Wine enrich'd his silent Stream.

The Fates lay down their Shears; no mournful  
 Nor frightful Clamours, nor Laments arise: [Cries,  
 Death paus'd above; no hapless Sons expire,  
 Nor weeping Parents watch the Fun'ral Fire:  
 Nor Ships at Sea, nor Soldiers in the Fight,  
 Nor Towns by Storm are lost, for Death suspends  
 his Right:

The Boatman Reeds around his Temples wears,  
 And sings as he his empty Bottom steers.

Now rose the downward Lights, when to the  
 The ling'ring Maid, with kindly Force is led. [Bed  
 Beside it, glitt'ring in her starry Gown,  
 Stood Mother Night, the lasting League to crown;  
 She touch'd the Couch, and solemnly she ties  
 The happy Union, and confirms their Joys:  
 The pious Shades their loud Applause proclaim,  
 And, with this Song, before their Monarch came.

Hail



Hail Parent Queen, descended from Above,  
 And thou, both Son and Brother now of Jove:  
 With mutual Slumbers sleep, and gently twine  
 Your Arms around your Neck, and in Embraces  
 Hence shall a beauteous Progeny arise, [Join.  
 And laughing Nature hopes new Deities;  
 Then give us future Gods the World to grace,  
 And gladden Ceres with a lovely Race.

*The End of the Second Book.*



Now for  
 The singing  
 Beside it, gliding  
 Good Morn'g  
 She touch'd the Church, and solemnly the  
 The happy Union, and contains their  
 The pious Shades their loud Applause  
 THE  
 with this song, before their



THE  
RAPE of *Proserpine.*

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, in a general Council of the Gods, declares his Design to make Ceres's Search for her lost Daughter, prove the Occasion of an Universal Benefit to Mankind, by her instructing them in the Art of Tillage; and therefore prohibits any, under the severest Penalties, to discover to her, who had convey'd Proserpine away. Ceres, who was yet in Phrygia with Cybele, being affrighten'd by several unhappy Omens, resolves to go immediately to Sicily, and visit her Daughter, and provide her a Place where she might be more secure. When she was come thither, she finds the Doors of Proserpine's Lodge all open, and no Body in the Rooms: At last she meets with Electra, Nurse to Proserpine; and inquiring passionately for her Child, the Nurse relates how Venus having seduc'd her out into the open Field, she was suddenly snatch'd from her Attendants, and carry'd off, in an amazing manner; but she knew not who the Ravisher was, the prodigious Fogs which darken'd the Plain at his appearing, having conceal'd him

him from her Sight. Ceres vents the Bitterness  
of her Rage against Jupiter and the Goddesses  
who were present at the Action, and threatens  
them; and then relenting, earnestly intreats them  
to shew where her Daughter was conceal'd: But  
receiving no Answer, she prepares to search after  
her thro' every Part; and cutting down two large  
Cypress Trees, kindles them at Mount Aetna, to  
light her on the way.



At this time Imperial Jove sent Iris  
down,

To call the Gods to Council at his  
Throne.

Wrap'd in her gushing Robes she swiftly flies,  
On gentle Zephyrus thro' the yielding Shies:  
She cites the Deities beneath the Sea,  
And watry Nymphs, and rallies their Delay.  
They call the Rivers from their oozy Caves:  
At once they start, and rise above the Waves,  
In open Air, th' important Cause to know  
Of the loud Summons, which they heard below.  
The shining Palace opes, the Pow'rs appear,  
And all, in just Degrees, are seated there.  
First, the Celestials sit; the second Place  
Falls to the Honours of the watry Race.  
Nereus and hoary Phorcus; Glaucus last,  
Of double Form, th' inferior Rank possess'd,  
With varying Proteus, in one Shape restrain'd;  
The better Rivers then their Session gain'd:

The

The youthful Train stand humbly, by their side,  
 A thousand Streams which roll a modest Tide:  
 Each *Naiad* leans upon her liquid Sire,  
 The staring Fauns the radiant Stars admire.

Then, with an awful Majesty, began  
 The Sov'reign Sire: My Providence for Man,  
 Tho' late assum'd, has once employ'd my Care  
 Of *Saturn's* slothful Years the Mischief to repair.  
 Hence, seated in the Throne, I thought it best  
 To rouse the Nations from inglorious Rest,  
 By Cares of necessary Life distress'd:  
 That Corn, unlabour'd, shou'd no more be found;  
 Nor Honey from the sweating Oak abound;  
 Nor with the gen'rous Juice the Rivers shine,  
 Around their Banks fermenting into Wine.  
 I envy not the World their grateful Ease,  
 (No hurtful Envy caints the Deities)  
 But Luxury, the Bane of honest Minds,  
 O'erlays the Soul, and deep Invention blinds:  
 While more ingenious Want inspires the Man,  
 T' exert himself, and dare what'er he can.  
 For daily Need to virtuous Arts will move,  
 And Arts invented, Practice will improve.  
 But now great Nature's Clamours deaf my Ears  
 To pity Human Kind, and ease their Cares:  
 She calls me Tyrant, and with warm Disdain,  
 Upbraids me with my Father's milder Reign.

For while her Stores she copiously supplies,  
 The Niggard *Jove*, impatiently she cries, [Skies.  
 Starves the defrauded World, the Miser of the  
 Else why shou'd Brambles ev'ry where appear,  
 Nor wholesome Fruits adorn the rolling Year?  
 She, who a kindly Parent once was known,  
 Is now a hard penurious Stepdame grown.  
 What boots it Man, to view the shining Pole  
 With Face erect, rich of a thinking Soul;  
 If he, like Beasts, must wander o'er the Fields,  
 And grind the Grain the common Acorn yields?  
 Is this to live, on horrid Heaths to dwell,  
 And lodge in Thickets or a lonely Cell?

This Imputation often I have borne,  
 And now, indulgent to the World, I'll turn  
 Their Forest Fare to more delicious Food,  
 And bring them from the Wilderness of the Wood.  
 For *Ceres*, who the tawny Lions reins  
 In *Ida's* Vale, with *Cybel's* madding Frains,  
 Yet ignorant of her Loss, I have decreed,  
 O'er Sea and Earth shall steer, with rapid Speed;  
 And wild with Sorrow, roam the World around,  
 Till pleas'd with Tidings of her Daughter found,  
 The gladdened Goddess scatters as she goes  
 The bearded Ears, and happy Harvests sows,  
 And to the *Grecian* Youth her Chariot yields,  
 With the new Grain to strew the teeming Fields.

Hence



# Book III PROSERPINE. 45

Hence in full Synod strictly I declare;  
 If any God, at *Ceres*' urgent Pray'r,  
 The Ravisher, whom I protect, reveal  
 In Words directly, or by Signals tell;  
 The Weight of awful Empire I attest,  
 Eternal Peace and salutary Rest;  
 Shou'd it my Son, or Wife, or Sister be,  
 (Alike obnoxious to the firm Decree;)  
 Or of my darling Daughters fav'rite Train,  
 Or sprung, like *Pallas*, from my teeming Brain:  
 My strongest Rage the Criminal shall bear,  
 The rushing Thunder, and the Lightning's Scare;  
 Groaning with utmost Torment he shall lie,  
 Cursing his Birth Divine and wish to die:  
 While fore of pungent Pain, I'll drive him down  
 To the Dominions of my new-made Son;  
 His full Revenge unpity'd to sustain,  
 For the discover'd Rape, and his detected Reign.  
 This Will of *Jove* then dare not to debate,  
 'Tis fix'd, and is unalterable Fate:  
 Severely thus pronounc'd the ruling God, [Nod.  
 And shook the trembling Skies with his superior

But *Ceres*, boding Prodiges affright,  
 And scaring Visions in the Dead of Night,  
 Still in her Sleep her *Proserpine* appears  
 For ever lost, and fills her Soul with Fears.

Now

Now at her Bowels pointed Jav'ins fly,  
 And her white Vest now takes a sable Dye.  
 Now a wild Ash, which in the Dome was seen  
 Naked of Leaves, sprouts out with cheerful Green.  
 Besides, a Laurel, chief of all the Wood  
 Which at her Daughter's Virgin Bed had stood,  
 Fell'd from the mingled Root, amaz'd the found,  
 Its ruin'd Honours lay dispers'd around,  
 Profan'd with Dust, and trampled on the Ground.  
 And, asking, who the sacred Plant destroy'd,  
 The sighing *Dryads* mournfully reply'd:  
 "The grinning Furies, terrible to see,  
 "With crooked Axes spoil'd the shatter'd Tree."

At last, in solemn Silence of the Night,  
 Her ravish'd Daughter to her humbering Sight  
 Appearing, brings the lamentable News  
 Of her Distress, and manifestly shews  
 Lone in a Dungeon, and oppress'd with Chains,  
 She thought she saw her, linking with her Pains:  
 Not the fair *Proserpine*, who was before  
 Lodg'd by the Mother on *Umbra's* Shore:  
 Whom ev'n the Goddesses on *Ætna's* Green,  
 Envy'd the Charms of her superior Men.  
 Her yellow Hair, more shining than the Gold,  
 Is foul with Dirt, and equal to behold.  
 Her cheerful Cheeks are pale, her radiant Eyes  
 Are dim'd with Night, and all their Lustre dies.

Her

Book III. PROSERPINE. 47

Her ruddy Lips and showy Limbs, the Soil  
Of *Stygian* Shades involves, and sooty Clouds defile.  
Scarce thro' the black Disguise, the Parent knew  
The dismal Shape, and star'd with doubtful View:  
Then; O what dire, and what enormous Crime  
Could to such Woes my *Proserpine* condemn?  
Ah! whence this grievous Form? What Pow'r en-  
Has on me thus his cruel Spite assuag'd? [rag'd,  
How can thy tender Arms those Ir'ns sustain?  
Whose Load wou'd cumber ev'n the savage Train.  
Art thou, art thou my Daughter? Speak, declare;  
Or am I only caught with empty Air?

In Tears the sad Appearance thus reply'd:  
Ah! Mother, unconcern'd for me destroy'd!  
More hard and savage than the savage Kind!  
How can you thus expel me from your Mind?  
An only Child despis'd! I thought the Name  
Of *Proserpine* did all my Parent claim.  
With these eternal Shackles see me bound,  
Fix'd in the Horror of these Caves profound.  
Yet, can you yet indulge the loose Delight  
Of sounding Cymbals, and the Song invite?  
If in thy Heart I still preserve a Place,  
If *Ceres* bore me, not the Tyger's Race,  
From this affrightful Den thy Child convey,  
And bear me with thee to the happy Day:

Or

Or if the Fates forbid me to return,  
 With one short Visit glad a Wretch forlorn:  
 Thus mournfully she spoke: And as she try'd  
 To lift her Hands, the cruel Chains deny'd.  
 And the harsh Rattling of the Fetters breaks  
 The Goddess' Sleep, and frighted *Ceres* wakes.  
 Tho' haggard with the Sight, she joys to find  
 'Tis but a Dream which had disturb'd her Mind;  
 Yet mourns her wanted Child: Then hastes to  
 The *Phrygian* Mother in her secret Seat, [meet  
 And thus she does the rev'rend Grandame greet.

No longer, holy Parent, can I stay,  
 My absent Daughter summons me away,  
 For fear some Fraud her Beauty shou'd betray.  
 I dare not too securely trust her Bow'r,  
 Tho' founded by the *Cyclops*' Master Pow'r;  
 Lest prying Fame the hidden Place shou'd tell,  
 And *Sicily* too carelessly conceal.  
 The celebrated Isle too well is known,  
 And this may ruin my Design alone.  
 Some blinder Seat I therefore must explore,  
 Some more remote and unfrequented Shore:  
 There roaring *Aetna* belches Flames around,  
 By whose revealing Blaze my Daughter will be found.  
 Besides, dire Spectres in my Sleep appear,  
 And Omens ev'ry day increase my Fear.

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Book III. PROSERPINE. 49

How oft the Sheafs which form my yellow Crown,  
Drop off untouch'd, and fall dishevel'd down?  
How oft my swelling Breasts spout trickling Blood?  
And in my Eyes the rising Tears have stood,  
Then gush'd upon my Face, with weeping wet?  
And my hard Hands, unbid, my Bosom beat?  
Still if the hollow Box I blow, I hear  
A screaming Noise, which wounds my aking Ear:  
And if I shake the clatter'd Timbrels round,  
The clatter'd Timbrels give a groaning Sound.  
I fear these Omens much of Truth betray;  
The dire Effect of my pernicious Stay.

May your Surmises, and your causeless Fear,  
Cry'd *Cybelé*, be pult aside in Air;  
Nor think the Thund'rer wou'd delay to send  
His flashing Fires, thy Daughter to defend.  
But go, afflicted Goddess, go and try.  
The certain Truth, your Doubts to satisfy;  
And, finding all in Peace, return again with Joy.

Then, issuing from the Fane, she took her way,  
And thinks her Dragons linger with Delay:  
Impatiently she lashes on their Flight,  
And seeks *Sicilia* e'er she lost the Sight  
Of *Ida's* Hill; obnoxious to her Tears,  
Nothing she hopes, and ev'ry thing she fears.  
So fares the Mother Bird, whose callow Young,  
On a low Ash's trembling Boughs are hung:

D

And,

And, while she fetches Food, her little Breast  
 With anxious Doubts is carefully possess'd,  
 Lest the rude Wind shou'd shake them from the Tree,  
 Or busy Boys the humble Palace see,  
 Or cruel Serpents seize the tender Prey,  
 And bear the helpless Children far away.

Expos'd when *Ceres* saw th'unguarded Dome,  
 The Gate wide-open, and an empty Room;  
 All hush'd within; she yielded to her Fears,  
 Her flowing Garments mournfully she tears,  
 The Chaplet on her Head, and rends her yellow  
 Hairs.

Her Tears congeal, her Voice is now no more,  
 And a deep Trembling seizes her all o'er.  
 She ventures in, and thro' the quiet House  
 And silent Courts, with stagg'ring Paces goes;  
 And, as she rolls around her heavy Eyes,  
 Th' unfinish'd Purple in the Woof she spies.  
 In vain the Maid her heav'nly Art had try'd;  
*Arachne* boldly had the rest supply'd,  
 And stretch'd her filmy Threads from Side to Side.  
 She weeps not, nor with Cries her Loss deplôres,  
 But kiss'd the Vest, and dumb Complainings pours.  
 The Rock, the Wheel, and ev'ry little Toy,  
 Which did the Virgin's sportful Hours employ,  
 As her lost *Proserpine* she fondly press'd  
 Close in her Lap, and hugg'd them on her Breast;  
 Flies

### Book III. PROSERPINE. 31

Flies to her empty Bed, and ev'ry Place  
Where her Child us'd, do's the sad Mother trace.

So looks the Herdsman, when he finds the Stall  
Silent of Lowings, and the bleating Call;  
Which Wolves, or nightly Lions have betray'd,  
Or plund'ring Soldiers to the Camp convey'd.  
Too late the Groom returns, and o'er the Plain  
And neighb'ring Pastures, seeks the ravish'd Train,  
And makes his mimick Cries and wonted Sounds  
in vain.

Lone in a Chamber of the Cell, she found  
The good *Electra* grov'ling on the Ground;  
Her Daughter's tender Nurse, and first in Place  
Of the fam'd Nymphs of antient Ocean's Race;  
In lulling Cradles and her Lap, with Care,  
The faithful Matron fondly sooth'd the Fair;  
And oft to *Jove*, th' indulgent Sire to please,  
Led the soft Babe, and plac'd her on his Knees;  
Strict to her Charge, her Guardian ever near,  
A second Parent, and Companion dear.  
Her, as (her Hair with sordid Dust defil'd)  
She mourn'd the Fortune of th' illustrious Child,  
*Ceres* accosts, in hope to meet Relief,  
But first in Sighs she gave a Loose to Grief:  
What fatal Scene do I behold, she cry'd,  
And who has thus my utmost Bliss destroy'd?

Reigns *Jove* above ? or have the *Titans* won  
 The Skies by Force, and thrust him from the Throne ?  
 What spleenful Pow'r has dar'd a Deed so dire,  
 While the strong Thund'rer grasps the forked Fire ?  
 Has vast *Typhæus* thrown aside his Weight,  
 Or did *Alcyoneus* the sultry Freight  
 Of hot *Vesuvius* overturn ? Or cou'd [Load ?  
 The lab'ring Giant rise from *Ætna's* pond'rous  
 Or has *Briareus*, with his hundred Hands,  
 The Faët committed, with th' infernal Bands ?  
 Where, where's my *Proserpine* ? And where are all  
 The thousand Nymps, who waited at her Call,  
 With *Cyané* their Chief ? What Magick Might  
 Has snatch'd away the *Sirens* from my Sight ?  
 Is this thy Vigilance ? Is this the Care  
 With which my Pledge you kept, and this the  
 Faith you bear ?

The Nurse stood trembling as the Goddess [spoke,  
 More with Confusion than with Sorrow struck ;  
 Nor cou'd the wretched Matron bear to see  
 The troubled Count'nance of the Deity.  
 Silent she stood, unwilling to reveal  
 Th' uncertain Miscreant and the certain Ill.  
 Then, falt'ring, thus : I wish the Giants Race  
 Had struck this deadly Blow, and wrought thee this  
 A common Evil less affects the Mind ; [Disgrace ;  
 But whence this came, wou'd never be divin'd.

This



Book III. PROSERPINE. 53

This is the Deed of no suspected Foe ;  
 Thy Sister Goddeffes have caus'd thy Woe.  
 Envious of greater Charms, th' unfriendly Sky }  
 Has giv'n the Wound, and blasted all thy Joy, }  
 More cruel than the curs'd *Phlegrean* Progeny. }  
 Thy happy House was flourishing in Peace,  
 And thy fair Daughter in her safe Recess  
 Contented liv'd, nor wander'd out at large,  
 Religiously observant of thy Charge.  
 Her artful Hands the weaving Loom prepare ;  
 The *Sirens* spritely Songs reliev'd her Care ;  
 Still to converse with me she took Delight,  
 With me she slept, for ever in my Sight.  
 Safe in our ample Hall, we spent the Day  
 In mutual Mirth and Games of harmless Play :  
 Till *Venus* once a sudden Visit made,  
 ('Tis doubtful, who our Secrecy betray'd)  
 And not to raise Suspicion in our Mind,  
*Pallas* was there, and chaste *Diana* join'd :  
 Laughing she came, and often in her Arms  
 Embrac'd the Virgin, and extoll'd her Charms ;  
 And flatt'ring calls her Sister, and exclaim'd  
 Against her Mother, and her Conduct blam'd,  
 To hide her Beauty from desiring Eyes,  
 And blindly banish from her native Skies.  
 Sooth'd with the Guile, thy Darling hastes to load }  
 The furnish'd Table with Celestial Food, }  
 And quaffs their Welcome to her new Abode. }



# Book III. PROSERPINE. 33

Nor could I know the dreadful Charioteer,  
 Whether some Fiend, or griev'd Death it were;  
 A livid Poison breathes upon the Grass,  
 The Streams run back, and leave a naked Space;  
 The Fields are foul with Fogs, and with'ring lie  
 The sickly Lillies, and the Roses die.  
 With hideous Sound the Car then drove away,  
 And bore the Night along, and Light renews the Day.  
 But *Proserpine* was vanish'd out of View;  
 Nor stay'd the Goddesses, but strait withdrew:  
 When gasping in the middle of the Mead,  
 (On her soft Bosom hung her drooping Head)  
 Fair *Cyane* we saw, the flow'ry Crown  
 From her incircled Brows fell blasted down.  
 Swiftly we ran, of her to inquire the Fate  
 Of *Proserpine*, and her uncertain State;  
 (For she was nearer to the dismal Scene)  
 How look'd the Steeds, and what the Driver's Mein;  
 Nought she reply'd; but, tainted with the Steam,  
 Gush'd sudden out an unexpected Stream;  
 Trickling, her Hairs descend in wondrous Rain,  
 Her Feet and Arms dissolve upon the Plain,  
 And the clear Fountain winds around our Train.  
 The rest dispers'd; and on *Pelorus'* Height,  
 With sudden Wings indu'd, the *Sirens* light;  
 Fir'd with Revenge their Lyres they now employ  
 To deadly Use, and strike them to destroy;

The soothing Notes the sailing Ship constrain,  
 And the still Oars lie charm'd upon the Main.  
 Thus I am left to drag my cumbrous Years,  
 Worne with my Griefs, and burden'd with my Cares.

In deep Suspence, the Story *Ceres* heard,  
 And weighing this, the worst of Fortunes fear'd;  
 Then up to Heav'n she darts her staring Eyes,  
 And, madding, storms against the guilty Skies.  
 Th' *Hyrcean* Tigress thus, with yelling Sound,  
 In her wild Rage tears up the trampled Ground,  
 While the bold Horseman from the Den has drawn  
 Her suckling Whelps, and carries o'er the Lawn;  
 Swifter than ev'n her Husband Wind, she flies  
 To force the Robber to renounce his Prize;  
 Calls out her angry Spots, her Jaws prepare  
 To lick the Blood, the mangled Limbs to tear;  
 When her own Form, reflected in the Glass,  
 Deceives th' indignant Beast, and stops her eager  
 [Pace.

So raves the Mother thro' th' *Ethereal* Plain;  
 Restore, she cries, restore my Child again.  
 I am not of some wandering River born,  
 Nor a mean *Dryad*; such a Birth I scorn:  
 From *Cybel* and from *Saturn* is my Line:  
 But what avails Prerogative Divine?  
 Th' establish'd Laws of Heav'n no longer shine.

Unspotted Virtue, and a noble Train  
 Of Honours unallay'd, are now in vain ;  
 Since the great Purity of *Vulcan's* Wife  
 Is proof to Scandal, and avows her Life.  
 Tho' the whole Heav'n her glaring Conduct knows,  
 Without a Blush her Front she freely shows.  
 Has then the Merit of her late Embrace,  
 And her chaste Slumber, fortify'd her Face ?  
 Embolden'd thus, she scruples not the Choice  
 Of guilty Pleasure and familiar Vice.  
 But you, the boasted Maidens of the Sky,  
 That you shou'd lay the Virgin Honours by,  
 To follow *Venus* ! and be loosely join'd  
 In Rapes lascivious, with the wanton Kind !  
 Well worthy Both, that Men your Pow'r adore }  
 With Temples built on *Scythia's* savage Shore, }  
 And thirsty Altars, drench'd in human Gore. }  
 What Crime cou'd thus your heav'nly Rage incense ?  
 And what was hapless *Proserpine's* Offence ?  
 Did she expel thee, *Delia*, from the Green,  
 Or share the Trophies of the Martial Queen ?  
 What heedless Words cou'd your Revenge inspire ?  
 Or came she uninvited to your Quire ?  
 No, no, she cou'd not ; lonely in her Cell,  
 And far away did the fair Virgin dwell ;  
 In *Sicily* retir'd, because her Face  
 Shou'd not insult you with superior Grace.



But she retir'd in vain ; for canker'd Spite  
Is never reconcil'd, nor will its Rage remit.

Thus at the Gods severely she exclaims,  
But loads the Virgin Pow'rs, and chiefly blames.  
While they, by their Almighty Sire forbid,  
Or hold their Peace, or that they knew, deny'd,  
And answer'd her with Tears. What shall she do?  
Again she's conquer'd, and begins to wooe ;  
Forgive the Sallies of Maternal Zeal,  
The sudden Transports of the Grief I feel,  
Th' indecent Heat a Wretch has shewn, and see  
The humble Parent suppliant at your Knee.  
Give me my certain Lot at length to know,  
'Tis what I ask, and what you can bestow.  
Whate'er it be, I beg you to reveal,  
And kindly shew the real Form of Ill.  
Make but my Fortune, in Compassion, known,  
I'll take it calm, as if by Fate 'twere done,  
Nor charge on you ; let me not sue in vain ;  
Regard a Mother's Pray'r, and ease her Pain.  
My Daughter to my longing Sight restore,  
I will not seek to force her from your Pow'r ;  
Whoe'er he be, that has possess'd her Charms,  
I'll make Her his, and yield Her to his Arms.  
Then fear not *Ceres* shou'd redeem the Bride :  
But if by Vow to Secrecy you're ty'd,

*Latona,*



Book III. PROSERPINE. 59

*Latona*, do thou speak, and glad my Breast,  
Perhaps to thee, *Diana* has confess'd.

Thou know'st the Throws of Birth, the tender Love  
Which do's the Hearts of yearning Parents move:  
Two glorious Twins thy double Joy fulfil,  
I have but one, and Her the Gods conceal.  
So may'st thou still thy radiant Son enjoy,  
And prove a happier Mother far than I.

And here the Tears upon her Face return;  
What Woe cou'd yield a greater Cause to mourn!

Ah me! I pray, deserted and alone;  
All fly my Griefs, and their Contagion shun.  
Why shou'd I vainly then implore the Skies?  
Against me join the hostile Deities.

Why rather dost thou not, with Speed, prepare,  
And search the World around, to find thy Care?  
I'll travel with the Day; and devious Ways,  
And dark Recesses diligently trace;

Hourly shall be my Pains; nor Sleep, nor Rest  
Shall interrupt my Toil for her distress'd,  
'Till I have found the Darling of my Breast:

Tho' in th' *Iberian* Deep, conceal'd from Eyes,  
Or in the red *Arabian* Sea she lyes.

Not freezing *Rhine*, nor cold *Ripheus* can,  
With bitter Frosts, my anxious Haste restrain,  
And moving *Syrtes* shall oppose in vain.

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The farthest Borders of the South I'll bore,  
 And stormy *Boreas*' wintry Seat explore:  
 I'll visit western *Atlas* in my Flight,  
 And with my Fires *Hydaspes* shall be bright.  
 Let impious *Jupiter* behold from high  
 My wand'ring Course, with an unpeering Eye;  
 And unforgiving *Juno* glut her Spleen  
 In the crush'd Fate of a lost Concubine:  
 Insulting o'er me, let them proudly reign  
 In haughty State, and sway the starry Plain;  
 Vaunt of the noble Trophies they have won  
 In *Ceres*' perish'd Race, and swell with the Renown.

[Height,  
 She said, and sought the well-known *Ætna*'s  
 To kindle Torches up, her toilsome Stage to light.

A Grove there was near *Acis*' gentle Stream,  
 Where lovely *Galatea* us'd to swim,  
 Preferring to the Sea; and thick of Shade,  
 The twining Boughs o'er *Ætna* largely play'd.  
 Here, the dire Combat of the Giants o'er,  
~~Here~~ hung on high his *Ægis* dropping Gore,  
 And hither brought the Trophies of his Toil.  
 The Wood is proud with the *Phlegrean* Spoil,  
 And all the Victory adorn'd the Soil. }  
 Here widely their enormous Jaws extend,  
 And there the Giants spacious Backs depend.

Their



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Their frowning Fronts, fix'd to the Trunk, appear  
To menace sourly with an angry Air.

And round their Limbs the griesly Serpents dead,  
Which form'd their Feet, affrightfully are spread.  
Their Skins are blasted with the flashing Flame.

Each Tree can boast some memorable Name :

*Ægeon's* hundred Swords this Stock oppress ;

And that, the fable Arms of *Cæus* dress ;

Another, *Mimas's* were plac'd around ;

*Ophion* one with ravish'd Trophies crown'd.

A tow'ring Fir, supreme of all the Wood,

*Enceladus's* Royal Honours load ; [Weight

King of the monst'rous Race ; th' enormous

Had sunk th' encumber'd Tree beneath the Freight

But that a neighb'ring Oak conspir'd to prop it  
streight.

Hence Gods and holy Horror to the Glade,

And none presum'd to hurt the dreaded Shade,

Or touch the Spoils ; no *Cyclops* thither led

His bleating Sheep, or in the Pasture fed ;

Ev'n *Polyphemus* from the Borders fled.

The long Religion of the sacred Place

Foreflow'd not *Ceres* in her eager Pace :

She brandishes her Ax, to hew her way

Thro' *Jove* himself, if *Jove* her Course delay ;

And fells the Pines and the smooth Cedars down,

And lops the Branches from the leafy Crown.

Fat,

Fat, unctuous Trunks she seeks, which fairly grow  
Strait in the Bole, and moistly fed below.

The Merchant thus, expos'd in hope of Gain,  
To some far Voyage o'er the stormy Main,  
To build his Bottom, heaps the cover'd Ground  
With Beach and Alders in the Forest found;  
From the rude Trees the future Ship prepares,  
And all, with Prudence, to his Purpose squares:  
The stretching Sails are fasten'd to the long,  
And the tall Mast is fashion'd from the strong;  
The sweeping Oars are from the foster made,  
And the sharp Keel from what the Marshes bred.

Two lofty Cypresses their Heads on high  
Shot up unshorn, advancing in the Sky.  
Not rolling *Simois*, from his Banks, survey'd  
Their equal Growth in *Ida's* gloomy Shade;  
Nor fann'd *Oromes*, where his Waters move,  
And fatten, in their Course, *Apollo's* Grove.  
Two Twins they seem'd, the Glory of the Wood,  
So near they grew, with rival Honours proud.  
*Ceres* beheld them with desiring Sight,  
And tucks her Gown, and bares her Arm for Fight;  
With all her Strength she swings her Ax around,  
And pierces both with an alternate Wound.  
At once they tremble, and at once the Crown  
Sinks to the fatal Fall, and comes with Ruin down;

Grief

# Book III. PROSERPINE. 63

Grief of the Woodland Pow'rs: rough as they were,  
The Goddesses hales, and lifts them on her Car;  
And, loaded with the Prey, pursu'd her Flight,  
And clomb the steepy Hill's laborious Height;  
Thro' rocky Paths untrod she pass'd with Toil,  
And fiery Ashes on the burning Soil.

As when *Megara* kindles, to pursue  
Some guilty Wretch, her Brands of baleful Yew;  
To visit *Thebes*, or haunt the nightly Rest  
Of dire *Thyestes*, for th' inhuman Feast;  
The sitting *Muses* give Her way; around  
The Plains of Hell with Iron Hoofs resound;  
To *Phlegethon* she strides, and in the Stream  
Plunges her Torch, and fills with liquid Flame:  
So *Ceres*, in the burning Mountain's Crown,  
With Face full fronting, thrust the Cypress down,  
And smother'd up the Mouth, from whence the Fire,  
And sultry Storms, with dreadful Roar, expire.  
Deep *Aetna* groans, and *Vulcan* suffers Pain,  
While the pent Vapours upward heave in vain.  
The Trees are kindled, and with spitt'ring Rays  
Augment the Horror of the Mountain's Blaze.  
And lest their Lamps shou'd, as the roams, decline,  
She bade the wakeful Flame incessant shine;  
And o'er the Trunks, the mournful Wand'rer threw  
The Sun's rich Ointment and the Lunar Dew.

Now



Now when the silent Night had lull'd to Rest,  
Dejected *Ceres* to the Course address'd,  
And thus, with bleeding Heart, her self express'd :

Ah ! never did I think, my *Proserpine*,  
Lights such as these for my lov'd Child to tine !  
But fondly hop'd that I shou'd see thee led  
With chearful Torches, to some worthy Bed,  
While the glad Bridal Song, with common Joy,  
Shou'd here be celebrated in the Sky.  
Such was my Wish. But unrelenting Fate  
Rules all alike, nor spares the Heav'nly State.  
How happy was I once ! incircled round  
With Crouds of pressing Suitors, how renown'd !  
When ev'ry fruitful Mother gave me place,  
For the bright Glory of my single Race.  
Thou wast my first Delight, my latest Bliss,  
My only Joy, and all my Happiness ;  
My Grace, my Honour, and my boastful Pride ;  
My Godhead liv'd in thee, and with thee dy'd.  
Equal to *Juno* then ; but now the Scorn  
Of all, I live abandon'd and forlorn ;  
Such is thy Father's Will : Yet why do I  
Impute to him my present Misery ?  
The Cruelty is mine ; 'tis I betray'd,  
Who rashly left expos'd my helpless Maid :  
How fatally secure, amidst the Train  
Of *Cybelé* I revel'd on the Plain ;

And

Book III. PROSERPINE. 65

And in the manag'd Lions took Delight,  
 While my lost Child was borne away from Sight!  
 Behold my just Revenge: my Face is swell'd  
 With bruising Blows, and both my Breasts are whal'd.  
 Where shall I seek? What Lands my Darling hide?  
 How shall I search, and who will be my Guide?  
 What Car, what Charioteer has snatch'd away?  
 Art thou an Inmate now of Earth, or Sea?  
 Where shall I trace the flying Wheels? and where  
 Remain the Prints? what welcome Signs appear?  
 I'll run, I'll fly, and ev'ry Way I'll go,  
 As Chance shall lead me, and a Passage show.  
 May *Dion* thus for *Venus* travel round; [found?  
 But shall my Toil succeed, and will my Child be  
 And shall I once again behold thy Face,  
 With longing Eyes, and meet thy wish'd Embrace?  
 Art thou still fair? and does the painted Hue,  
 Which flush'd thy Cheeks, continue fresh to View?  
 Or art thou blotted and obscene to Sight,  
 Such as I saw appearing in the Night?

She spoke; and from the Hill began her Race,  
 And curs'd the guilty Flow'rs and fatal Place.  
 To find the Tracks she hunts the Fields around,  
 And holds her blazing Torches to the Ground:  
 In Floods of trickling Tears the running Prints  
 are drown'd.

She

She sobs, she howls ; her Clamours pierce the Skies ;  
 The nightly Flame to distant Regions flies ;  
 Ev'n *Italy* and *Libya*, with the Light  
 Which gleam'd upon their Shores, are faintly bright.  
 The farthest Borders of th' *Etruscan* Land  
 Reflect it, and the *Syrtes* moving Sand.  
 To *Seylla's* Den it darts, the barking Train,  
 Part hush their Noise, and Part their Yells maintain.

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Lucanus (M.A.) [Phars. —  
Sel. — Eng.]

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THE  
E P I S O D E  
O F

*Sextus and Erichtho :*

From *Lucan's Pharsalia*. Book VI.

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THE  
EPISTOLARY

OF  
SIR AND LADY

FROM THE  
MSS. OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
ARTS AND  
CRAFTS

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THE  
EPISODE  
OF  
*Sextus and Erichtho.*

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The ARGUMENT.

Upon Cæsar's Retreat into Thessaly, Pompey follows him thither; and the Neighbourhood of the two Armies rend'ring the Battel unavoidable, the Generals resolve upon the Encounter. The Night before the Engagement, Sextus, the Son of Pompey, being in panick Fear of the Event, steals privately out of the Camp, and goes to the famous Enchantress Erichtho, to know the Fortune of the ensuing Fight. Lucan takes occasion from hence to give a very Poetical Description of the surprising Powers of the Thessalian Witches and their Sorceries, and of Erichtho's Charms; who raises a Soldier that was lately slain, to learn of him what was determin'd among the Shades, concerning the Battel. It appears by his Answer, that Pompey was to lose the Victory, and his Life; that Cæsar shou'd not survive him long; and that after their Death, Pompey wou'd be receiv'd in the Infernal Regions with Honours, while Cæsar wou'd be disgrac'd and punish'd, as having fought the Cause of Tyranny and Oppression.

THE



THE Chiefs incamp'd on this devoted  
 Ground, [abound;  
 Thro' either Host presaging Thoughts  
 And the dread Moment of the doubt-  
 Rolls on a pace, and rises to the Sight. [ful Fight  
 Th' Approach of Fate dismays the Coward Train,  
 While the brave Few more equally sustain  
 Th' alternate Passions : but with endless Shame,  
*Sextus*, unworthy his great Parent's Name,  
 Shook in the common Fright, forgetful of his  
 In Exile thus, on the *Sicilian* Sea, [Fame.  
 A Pirate vile, he ravishes the Prey,  
 Pollutes the Triumphs which his Father won  
 On the same Shore, and cancels his Renown.

Rush'd by his Fear, and brookless of Delay,  
 To explore the Fates, the Dastard took his way.  
 He sought not *Delos*, or the *Pythian* Cave,  
 Or vocal Oak, whence *Jove* his Answers gave;  
 Or what th' inspecting Augurs holy Art,  
 The rustling Lightnings, or wing'd Birds impart;  
 Or what the grave Astrologer declares,  
 From mingling Aspects of revolving Stars :  
 No lawful Way the wretched *Roman* tries,  
 But to dire Magick impotently flies,  
 And sullen Rites, detested by the Skies :

In

In Hell he trusts, and moves the Shades below,  
Nor thinks the Gods th' important Secret know.

The Place it self his implous Thought inspires,  
And shews the Means to finish his Desires;  
For near the Camp, th' *Hemonian* Witches Train  
Tremendous dwelt, and held the heathy Plain:  
No daring Fictions can transcend their Skill;  
Things beyond Faith their wondrous Pow'rs fulfil.  
Indulgent to their Charms, *Thessalia's* Coast  
Does a large Birth of noxious Simples boast,  
And Plants which force the Gods; the Rocks around  
Their Songs affect, and heave the solid Ground.  
And dire *Medea* on this baleful Shore,  
Gather'd new Herbs, and added to her Store:

Even Heav'n, which turns an unregarding Ear  
To suppliant Nations and united Pray'r,  
Their Verse inclines attentively to hear.  
One Voice of theirs strikes thro' the vaulted Skies,  
And dreadfully demands the Deities;  
Ev'n such as listlessly abhor to guide  
The gliding Globes and o'er the World preside.  
Soon as their Murmur is perceiv'd on high,  
The Gods o'erborne, leave all, and thither fly;  
And the *Chaldean* and *Egyptian* Train,  
Surpriz'd, exert their utmost Art in vain.

In

In stubborn Souls, by Fate averſe from Love,  
 They plant the Paſſion, and the Flame improve:  
 In frozen Age th' extinguiſh'd Heat inſpire,  
 And burn its Winter with a foreign Fire.  
 Philters their Art excels, and ev'n the Juice  
 The tender Tufts of new-born Foles produce,  
 Torn from the Front: Without the fev'riſh Draught,  
 The madding Mind's deſtroy'd, and Rage transports  
 the Thought.

Ev'n thoſe whom neither Ties of nuptial Love,  
 Nor Beauty's radiant Blandiſhment cou'd move,  
 Their Magick Threads, which bear inſcrib'd the  
 With Pleaſure kindle, and to Joy inflame. [Name,

Great Nature's Courſe they interrupt: the Day,  
 The Night prolong'd, has halted with Delay:  
 The Spheres forget to move; and at their Nod  
 The whirling Orbs have all ſupinely ſtood;  
 And *Jupiter*, with Wonder, ſees the Pole,  
 Urg'd onward by himſelf, reſuſe to roll;  
 Now ſlucy Rains from ev'ry Quarter run,  
 And pitchy Clouds expunge the blazing Sun;  
 While all around from his Celeſtial Tow'r,  
*Jove* hears ſurpriz'd th' unbidden Thunders roar.  
 They ſpeak their Words, and ſhake abroad their Hair,  
 The frowning Clouds are gone, and Heav'n is clear.  
 When ev'ry Blaſt do's from the Deep abſtain,  
 Indignant Billows boil the mounting Main;

And

And tho' the North its utmost Rage display,  
 No working Waves deform the settled Sea.  
 The stretching Canvass swells against the Wind;  
 This blows before, and that is fill'd behind.  
 And Torrents, which from ragged Rocks descend,  
 In the slope Fall the headlong Stream suspend.  
 Rivers run backward; and the fruitful Nile  
 In Summer ebbs, and starves the thirsty Soil.  
*Meander* twining and in Volumes bow'd,  
 Rolls, unperplex'd, a strait unravell'd Flood.  
 Slow *Arar* starts, and rushing hasty on,  
 Throws his swift Current in the creeping *Rhone*:  
 The lofty Hills submit their tow'ring Heads,  
 Depress'd to Vallies, and to level Meads.  
 The driving Clouds above *Olympus* fly,  
 Which, wond'ring, sees their misty Shade on high.

The *Scythian* Snows, when rigid Winter reigns,  
 Severely freezing on the bleaky Plains,  
 Without the Sun are thaw'd; from Ice unbound,  
 The Fountains flow, and tender is the Ground.  
 From the safe Shore the Surges they repel,  
 When Stars tempestuous the vex'd Ocean swell.  
 The stedfast Earth an inward Trembling feels,  
 And giddily the shaken Axis reels;  
 Push'd off obliquely by their pow'rful Cry,  
 The weighty Ball remov'd, discloses either Sky.

E

And



74      SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.

And ev'ry Creature of the noxious Kind  
 Fears and assists them, in their Sorc'rys join'd:  
 The savage Tiger and the Lion's Brood  
 Fawn at their Feet, and shun the Taste of Blood:  
 And the close Volumes of the folded Snake  
 Untwist before them, in the frozen Brake.  
 Their Art the mangled Vipers re-unites,  
 And Human Poison the swell'd Serpent splits.

From whence this Labour to the Deities,  
 Their Herbs to follow, and attend their Cries?  
 What awful Compact? What surprizing Cause,  
 Necessity or Choice, to this Submission draws?  
 Does Piety conceal'd, this Grace procure?  
 Or silent Threats the strange Success assure?  
 Is the whole Heav'n obedient to their Reign?  
 Or does their Verse one certain God constrain,  
 Of Pow'r to work whatever they ordain?  
 For them the Stars drop headlong from on high,  
 And the clear Moon is darken'd in the Sky;  
 Sickly she shines, as when the spacious Shade  
 Of Earth, projected, does her Orb invade, [spew  
 And struggling with the Charm, wheels down, to  
 Close on their Simples her envenom'd Dew.

These Rites, which all the nightly Sisters use,  
 The dire *Erichtho* sourly does refuse,  
 And as debas'd with Sanctity accuse.

In-

Inventive of new Arts, her hideous Head  
 She ne'er in Houses nor in Towns display'd,  
 But from the hollow Vault, and silent Tomb,  
 Expels the Ghosts, and lodges in its Womb.  
 Grateful to Hell, and privileg'd to hear  
 Th' Infernal Counsels, and their Secrets share;  
 To know the *Strygian* Realms, and blind Abode  
 Of the fell *Manes* and the Mystlick God.  
 Nor Life nor Fate forbids: Her Looks obscene  
 Are plough'd with Wrinkles, and with Famine lean:  
 Sunk are her rheumy Eyes; her loathsome Sight  
 Is never purg'd by Heav'n's serener Light.  
 Her wasted Face a dreadful Paleness wears;  
 And thick before it hang her matted Hairs.  
 When a black Tempest rises in the Skies,  
 And blots the Stars, she from her Cavern hies;  
 With curs'd Design the dire Enchantress stalks,  
 And marks the Lightnings in her Midnight Walks.

Touch'd with her Feet, the blasted Harvest dies,  
 And the pure Air her tainted Breath destroys.  
 No Heav'nly Pow'rs she venerates, nor prays  
 Their Aid, nor holy Sacrifices pays;  
 But feeds, with Gums from Fun'ral Off'rings torn,  
 The sullen Flames that on her Altars burn.  
 The Gods alarm'd, at her first dismal Call,  
 Immediately assent, and grant her all,

And dread a second Voice. While Life remains  
 Sound in the Limbs, and beats within the Veins,  
 The Man she buries, tho' the Fates design  
 A Length of Years, and to produce the Line;  
 And the stiff Carcass, with inverted Doom,  
 Breaks from the Burning, and escapes the Tomb.  
 Youths reeking Ashes, and the glowing Bones,  
 And blazing Torches, which before their Sons  
 The weeping Parents bear, her wonted Prey,  
 She fiercely seizes, and conveys away;  
 The Vests now scorch'd, the Relicks of the Pile,  
 And unctuous Coals yet fuming of their Spoil.

But if preserv'd in Monuments of Stone,  
 She meets a Corse, whose vital Moisture's gone,  
 And the dry'd Marrow's hard, with hasty Rage,  
 On the torn Trunk, she does her Spite assuage;  
 Digs from their Sockets the clos'd Eyes, and chews  
 The sordid Excrements of Hands and Toes.  
 She champs the Halters, and obscenely gnaws  
 The throttling Noose in her polluted Jaws,  
 And from the Cross the lifeless Body draws. }  
 The perish'd Entrails, pierc'd with soaking Show'rs,  
 The horrid Hag rapaciously devours;  
 And the parch'd Marrow, which the sultry Sun,  
 With fervid Rays, has stiffen'd in the Bone.

From

From Malefactors on the Tree, she steals  
 The gory Limbs, and crucifying Nails :  
 And oft suspended from the Gallows Height  
 Hangs, if the Fibres break not at her Bite.  
 When on the Field a naked Carcass lies,  
 Before wild Beasts and Birds, she fastens on the Prize ;  
 Yet not with Hands or Knife the Flesh divides,  
 Till the Wolves Fangs have scarr'd the mangled  
 Sides.

Nor from the Guilt of Murder she abstains,  
 But from the Throat the vital Crimson drains,  
 The panting Bowels takes, and empties all the  
 Veins.

And Births abortive, for her various Spells,  
 From the rent Womb the wayward Witch compels ;  
 Not in the way ordain'd by Nature's Laws,  
 But thro' a griev'd Wound the wretched *Fœtus* draws.  
 When murd'rous Ghosts she wants, and Shades  
 severe,

She makes them on the Spot, with cruel Care,  
 And recent Spirits instantly appear.

Vast is her Pow'r : all Deaths of ev'ry Kind  
 Serve for her Use, and in her Charms are join'd.  
 From dying Youth she strips the callow Down,  
 And with her left Hand crops the tender Crown.  
 And feigning oft the parting Kiss to give,  
 In Throes of Death as her own Kindred strive,

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Stretch'd on the struggling Limbs, with dire Embrace,  
 She churns the Cheeks, and grinds the ruin'd Face,  
 Eats off the Tongue, to the dry Palate bound,  
 And thro' the livid Lips, with stifled Sound,  
 Speaks impious Orders to the Shades profound.

Soon as the Rumour of her Fame was spread  
 In *Sextus*' Ears, and Night's ascending Shade  
 Obscur'd the Pole; when now the radiant Sun  
 Had, under Earth, his neather Noon begun;  
 Darkling, attended by his Slaves, he strays  
 Thro' pathless Desarts, and untrodden Ways.  
 They search'd the Caverns of each hollow Tomb,  
 In hope to meet *Erichtho* in its Womb:  
 She was not there; but from afar they spy'd  
 Her famish'd Trunk upon a Mountain's Side,  
 Where lofty *Hemus*, from his tow'ring Brow  
 Descending, mixes with the Plains below.

Employ'd in fullen Spells, she sat alone,  
 Framing new Arts to Magic Gods unknown.  
 And lest the Troops shou'd other Regions chuse,  
 And *Thessaly* the plenteous Carnage lose,  
 She makes her Cries, and casts her Dews around,  
 To fix the Battel on th' *Emathian* Ground.  
 There Deaths unnumber'd, and the reeking Gore  
 Of the whole World, she hopes to make her Store;

To



To rend the Limbs of Kings, to watch the Pyres,  
 And bear the glowing Ashes from the Fires;  
 To glean the Bones of Nobles on the Mead,  
 And gain at once a Nation of the Dead.  
 'Tis this the labours in her anxious Mind,  
 To what infernal Services design'd  
 Imperial Pompey's Bulk shou'd be, and where  
 The breathless *Caesar's* Body she shall tear.

Whom busy'd thus, the Scandal of his Race,  
*Sextus* approach'd, and thus accosts: O Grace  
 Of *Theffuly*, accusom'd here t' expound  
 All dark Events, and for thy Skill renown'd:  
 When lab'ring Fates push onward to their End,  
 Thou can'st arrest their Course, and often dost  
 O sage Enchantress, freely now declare [suspend  
 The dubious Fortune of the cruel War:  
 And know, that of no common Line I am,  
 But the great *Pompey* for my Father claim:  
 His Doom I follow, either, Lord of all,  
 With him I triumph, or with him I fall.  
 Tormenting Doubts my troubled Soul perplex,  
 But my steel'd Breast no certain Fears can vex.  
 Let not capricious Chance this Pow'r obtain,  
 T' oppress me blindly: try the Heav'nly Reign:  
 Or spare the Gods; and from the Ghosts below,  
 The Truth discover, and the Secret know.

## 80      SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.

Unlock th' *Elysian* Seats, and from his Cell  
 The griev'd Figure of grim Death compel;  
 Make him reveal, whom, in the fatal Day,  
 He marks for Ruin, and designs his Prey.  
 Great is the Task desir'd, and worthy Thee,  
 To trace so dread a Doom in dark Futurity.

Sooth'd with her Praise, the meagre Hag reply'd:  
 If for one Lot alone my Skill you try'd,  
 I cou'd constrain th' unwilling Gods, with Ease,  
 And make them answer what Demands I please.  
 'Tis giv'n my Art to save a single Breath,  
 When frowning Planets press a speedy Death.  
 In early Youth abrupt I close his Years,  
 To whom old Age was promis'd by the Stars.  
 But since a Chain of Causes link'd, descends  
 From the World's Birth, and all on this depends:  
 If ought you'd alter here, the Fates reclaim;  
 For such a Change affects the common Frame.  
 In this we own that fickle Fortune's Pow'r  
 Exceeds our Arts, and can assist you more:  
 Yet, if it will suffice you to foreknow  
 The Chances of the Field, so far I'll show;  
 A thousand Means, Earth, Heav'n, and Hell, the Sea,  
 The Fields and Mountains will the Truth display;  
 The readiest way is, from the neighb'ring Plain  
 To raise at once some Carcass newly slain;

Whose

Whose recent Organs unimpair'd are found,  
 And will pronounce a clear distinguish'd Sound :  
 Lest, frying in the Sun, the Pipes decay,  
 And whisp'ring Creaks, instead of Words, convey.

She said ; and doubles Night's involving Shade,  
 And muffles in a pitchy Cloud her Head ;  
 Roams o'er th' unbury'd Host ; the Beasts of Prey,  
 At her Approach, fly trembling far away ;  
 The Birds their fasten'd Talons loose : among  
 The Dead she strides, with heedful Eyes along,  
 To chuse a Body ; and with Caution tries,  
 Unpierc'd with Wounds, whose stretching Lungs  
     will rise,

To form the Voice entire ; and now are weigh'd  
 The Fates of all the Numbers of the Dead :  
 For shou'd she summon from th' Infernal Shore  
 Ev'n the whole Army, which expir'd before,  
 Hell wou'd obey, and render back again,  
 To fall in second Fight, the Troops already slain.

At length she fix'd her Choice ; then strongly struck  
 In thro' the bleeding Throat, a brazen Hook ;  
 To that a Rope she fasten'd ; by the Thong,  
 O'er rugged Rocks she haul'd the Corpse along.  
 To her detested Haunt arriv'd at last,  
 Beneath the jutting Hill, the Witch the Body plac'd.

Tremendous was the Hold; the Dismal Den  
 Border'd on Hell, with little Space between :  
 Far sunk the Ground beneath; a low'ring Wood  
 Hung prone above, and thick the Forest flood :  
 The hideous Yews admit no chearful Ray,  
 Not the least Glimm'ring of imperfect Day ;  
 But all lies smother'd in eternal Night,  
 Or only shines with Necromantic Light.  
 In *Tenarus's* Jaws the lazy Air  
 Less flaggy hangs, than the gross Vapours here.  
 Th' Infernal Sov'reigns hither send their Band,  
 (The Confines of each World) at her Command :  
 For tho' she rules the Fates, 'tis doubtful yet  
 If the Ghosts rise, or she descend to meet  
 The gliding Spirits, at their Limits set.

She chang'd her Looks, and readily assumes  
 Her Robes of Death, in which she haunts the Tombs ;  
 The parti-colour'd Garment rudely wears,  
 And o'er her Face she shakes her flaky Hairs.  
 A Wreath of hissing Serpents binds her Head :  
 The *Romans* shudder'd with unusual Dread :  
 Which when she saw, with *Sextus's* deep Surprise,  
 Who, shiv'ring, fix'd upon the Ground his Eyes;  
 Dismiss your Fears, she cries, your Sight afford,  
 Life's wonted Form shall mildly be restor'd.

And

And so the Man shall speak, and such appear,  
That ev'n the tim'rous unaghaſt may hear.  
If Hell ſhou'd gape immense, and there diſcloſe  
Her fiery Lakes, and all her tort'ring Woes ;  
Or ſhou'd the Furies, and the Dog ariſe,  
And the Gigantic Race, which ſhook the Skies ;  
Why, in my Prefence, ſhou'd you view, with Fright,  
The grieſly Forms that tremble at my Sight ?

Then, thro' a freſh Inciſion at the Breſt  
Warm Blood infuſes, to revive the reſt :  
Wipes off the Gore, and miniſters the Dew,  
Which the cold Moon in ropy Gellies ſpews :  
All dire Ingredients her ſad Mixture frame ;  
Nature's imperfect Births, deform'd and lame.  
The Foam of rabid Dogs, that Water ſhun ;  
The *Lynx's* Bowels, and *Hyena's* Bone ;  
The Marrow of a Stag, which, living, fed  
On ſwelling Serpents, in the Thickets bred ;  
The Fiſh that ſailing Ships has ſtrongly held,  
When puſh'd by Waves, and by the Winds impell'd ;  
Green Dragon's ardent Eyes ; the ſounding Stone,  
Which in their Neſt the brooding Eagles own ;  
The flying Snakes of wild *Arabia's* Plain ;  
The Vipers, who beneath the ruddy Main,  
Guard the rich Conchs which precious Pearls  
contain.



84      *SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.*

The Skin of *Libyan* Serpents, yet alive ;  
 And *Phoenix*' Ashes, which the Flames survive :  
 With vulgar Juices of inferior Name,  
 And Plagues of various Sorts, conceal'd from Fame ;  
 Spell'd Leaves, and Herbs, that, in their early Birth,  
 Her Mouth envenom'd, on their Mother Earth :  
 And all the Poisons, which, before unknown,  
 She had invented, and had made her own.

Then adds her Dissonance ; by far more strong  
 Than all her Herbs, to charm the Gods along.  
 And first, she murmurs, with a hollow Voice,  
 Sounds undistinguish'd, and discordant Noise.  
 Barks like a Dog, and like a Wolf she howls,  
 Roars like wild Beasts, and hoots like fun'ral Owls.  
 The Serpent's Hissings, and the dashing Sound  
 Of beating Billows which the Rocks surround ;  
 The Noise of whisp'ring Woods, ere Tempests  
 And the loud Roar of Thunder burst above, [move,  
 Her single Voice express'd : She rais'd her Cry ;  
 The far-resounding Yell is heard on high,  
 Hell echoes back beneath, and shakes th' affright-  
 ed Sky.

Ye fashing Furies and avenging Pains,  
 Who rack the Guilty on the *Strygian* Plains ;  
 Chaos unform'd, who with malignant Joy  
 Wou'dst ravage all, and endless Worlds destroy ;  
 Thou

Thou neather *Jove*, constrain'd to bear the Load  
 Of boundless Life, unwillingly a God ;  
*Stryx*, and *Elysium's* Field, whose holy Place  
 Admits no Shade of our *Thessalian* Race ;  
 And *Proserpine*, who hat'st the chearful Light  
 Of Heaven, and thy once lov'd Mother's Sight ;  
 Thou wond'rous *Hecate*, by whose triple Sway  
 The gloomy Mansions our Commands obey ;  
 And thou the Porter of th' infernal Gate,  
 Whose craving Paunch expects the bloody Bait ;  
 Ye fatal Sisters, who your Help must join  
 To re-unite the lately sever'd Line ;  
 Thou griesly Boatman of the fiery Flood,  
 Whose Vessel oft has labour'd with the Load  
 Of Souls by me restor'd to vital Air ;  
 Hear my Petition, and allow my Pray'r.  
 If with a guilty Voice, and soul with Gore,  
 I always call, and now your Aid implore ;  
 And with abortive Births and reeking Brains,  
 Have often gorg'd the Crew that haunts your dreary  
 Plains :

If Babes new-born I in your Fires have laid,  
 And the warm Bowels in the Chargers paid,  
 Let my Request be speedily obey'd.  
 I ask not Hell to render back to Light  
 An inmate Ghost, accusom'd to the Night ;  
 The Shade I call, is just arriv'd beneath,  
 And hovers fresh within the Verge of Death ;

Not

Not yet transported to the farther Shore,  
*Charon* had need but once convey him o'er.  
 Let him, remanded to his Corse, relate  
 To *Pompey's* Son, his Father's future Fate;  
 If civil Wars can meritorious prove,  
 And you, Destruction, Death and Slaughter love.

Scarce had she spoke, and rais'd her sordid Head,  
 When hov'ring o'er the Corps, she saw the Shade,  
 Shriv'ring, and anxious of its former Pain,  
 And loth to try its irksome Jail again:  
 Thro' the torn Breast and mangled Limbs to glide,  
 The broken Bowels, and the wounded Side,  
 Unhappy Ghost! not privileg'd to enjoy  
 Death's final Gift, and thus forbid to die.  
*Erichtho* wonder'd at the Fates Delay,  
 Who thus presum'd her Charms to disobey;  
 And, fill'd with Rage, her brandish'd Whip she  
 shakes,  
 And finites the Body with her hissing Snakes;  
 Then sends her Voice thro' the divided Ground,  
 And fills *Hell's* Caverns with the bellowing Sound.  
 Ye cruel Sisters, why this backward Will  
 To do your Duty, and my Pray'r fulfil?  
 Why, with your rattling Scourge, do ye delay  
 To lash the lingring Spright, and drive him on the  
 -Way?

For this, with your true Names I'll brand your Race,  
 And call Infernal Bitches, in Disgrace;  
 I'll drag you from the Shades of endless Night,  
 And fix you in the glaring Beams of Light;  
 Hail from your silent Urns and hollow Tomb,  
 Your secret Monuments, and welcome Gloom  
 Thee, faithless *Hecate*, to the Gods I'll show,  
 In thy obscene polluted Form below;  
 Confirm each squalid Feature in thy Face,  
 And thus expose thee to th' *Ethereal Race*,  
 Where thou appear'st with fair dissembled Grace.  
 I'll tell, what Fruits provok'd thy Appetite,  
 And doom'd thee forfeit to the King of Night;  
 The Truth of thy incestuous Love declare,  
 For which, even *Ceres* chose to leave thee there.  
 Regardless *Pluto*, for this bold Disdain,  
 I'll cleave the Ground, and on the gloomy Plain  
 Throw down the rushing Light, and pour the  
 Day a-main.

What! must I then pronounce his awful Name,  
 Who shakes the trembling Earth's disjointed Frame?  
 Who can, unhurt, the stiff'ning *Gorgon* face;  
 And cuts with sharper Thongs, *Eryx's* fearful Race;  
 Whose large Dominions, and whose spacious Cell  
 Is founded deep beneath your upper Hell,  
 Unseen and dark; who, by the *Strygian Flood*  
 Swears, and then laughs to break the Truth he vow'd

And

And now the Blood, fermenting in the Veins,  
 Feeds the black Wounds, and thro' the Body strains.  
 The vital Vessels feel the running Heat,  
 And in the Breast the trembling Fibres beat.  
 New Life returns, but Life with Death allay'd,  
 And thro' the Limbs a languid Vigor stray'd;  
 The Nerves, distended, their old Service found;  
 Nor by degrees the Body rose from Ground,  
 But stood erected, with a sudden Bound.  
 The waking Eyes forgotten Day behold,  
 And sleepily within their Sockets roll'd.  
 Nor dead, nor yet alive appears the Man,  
 Stiff are the Members, and the Face is wan.  
 Amaz'd, he stares at his recover'd Breath,  
 Thus hurry'd into Life, and snatch'd from Death.  
 But from his Lips no issuing Sounds arise;  
 For thus restor'd, his Voice and Tongue suffice,  
 At her Demands alone to make Replies.

Heed my Desire, *Erichtho* cry'd, and see  
 What great Rewards I have reserv'd for thee;  
 Give faithful Answers, and when thou shalt die,  
 The Benefit of Death thou ever shalt enjoy.  
 Such Fun'erals shall attend thy last Remains,  
 Such Wood, with Spells, shall burn thee on the Plains,  
 That no united Incantations made  
 To force thee upward, shall affect thy Shade;

This



This is thy Recompence: Nor Herbs, nor Cries  
 Shall break thy heavy Sleep, and make thee rise.  
 Prophets and Oracles uncertain are,  
 And dark Responses doubtfully declare;  
 But they, who boldly dare inquire their Fate  
 Of Ghosts beneath, and knock at *Pluto's* Gate,  
 Are told the Truth by the revealing Spright:  
 Then clearly answer, and inform us right.  
 Name Things and Places, and in such a Tone  
 That the Fates Dictates may be plainly shown.

Charm'd into Speech, and by her Art inspir'd  
 To know, and answer all that she requir'd,  
 The mournful Shroud, with trickling Tears, begun:

[soon,  
 Your Spells have summon'd me from *Stryx*: so  
 I cou'd not see the cruel *Parca's* Line,  
 To learn the future Fortunes they design:  
 Yet this I gather from the shadowy Host:  
 The *Roman* *Manes* are in Factions tost,  
 Eternal Peace in impious Strife is lost:  
 These Leaders leave th' *Elysian* Seats, and those  
 The Depths of *Tartarus*, the Scene of Woes,  
 And what the secret Destinies prepare,  
 Their Gestures plainly intimate, for there  
 The happy Ghosts a mournful Count'nance bear.  
 The two devoted *Decii* I beheld,  
 And great *Camillus*, weeping in the Field;

The

The *Curii* too, and *Sylla's* surly Shade,  
 Who fierce on Fortune's giddy Change inveigh'd;  
 And *Scipio*, who his Offspring's Lot deploras,  
 Doom'd to be slain on *Libya's* desert Shores.  
*Cato*, the Foe of *Carthage*, grieves the Fate  
 Of his brave Grandson falling for the State.  
*Brutus* alone, who cast the Tyrant's Race  
 From *Rome* oppress'd, appears with chearful Face,  
 Among the pious Spirits; fill'd with Joy,  
 Serene his Looks, and sparkling is his Eye.  
 Fierce *Catiline* has shaken off his Chains,  
 And runs exulting o'er th' infernal Plains;  
 With *Marius* and *Cethegus*, and their Trains;  
 I saw the Pop'lar *Drusi* smiling there,  
 And a glad Mein the lawless *Gracchi* wear;  
 In the blind Dungeon pent, and strongly bound,  
 They clap their Hands, and loudly shout around.  
 With clam'rous Insolence, the guilty Band  
 The purer Seats of spotless Shades demand  
 The gloomy Monarch does with Care provide  
 For coming Souls; and opens his Prisons wide;  
 Sharp-pointed Rocks and weighty Ir'ns prepares,  
 For the vile Victor in injurious Wars.  
 But thou, O Youth, no more with Fears possess'd,  
 With this Assurance feed thy anxious Breast;  
 The happy Souls, in their *Elysian* Fields,  
 Where the bright Scene immortal Pleasure yields,

Expect

Expect the Father and his shining Race,  
 And keep for *Pompey* a distinguish'd Place.  
 Nor envy thou the Conqueror's guilty Crown;  
 Short is his Term, and fading his Renown.  
 For the swift Hour arrives without Delay,  
 When all alike shall tread the downward Way.  
 Then rush to Death, and haste with Pride, to come,  
 Tho' meanly bury'd, or deny'd a Tomb,  
 And spurn the *Manes* of the Gods of *Rome*.  
 The Fight will only this Distinction make,  
 Who shall their Turn at *Nile*, and who at *Tyber* take;  
 And where the Chiefs shall fall: but ask not thou  
 Thy proper Fortune (best conceal'd) to know;  
 Which Fate, tho' I am silent, will reveal:  
 And clearer yet, thy Father's Shadow tell,  
 In fair *Sicilia* seen, with Doubts oppress'd,  
 Where to direct thee, and procure thee Rest.  
 Unhappy Creatures! *Europe*, *Asia* fear,  
 And *Libya* shun: your Fortune you must bear;  
 In Death divided, as your Triumphs were.  
 Ah! wretched House! to whom the World can yield  
 No Place securer than th' *Emathian* Field.

He said, and ceas'd; and mournful as he stands,  
 The welcome Death with piteous Looks demands:  
 For this a Charm was needful, since before  
 The Fates absolv'd their Right, and cou'd exert no  
 more.

*Erichtho*

*Erichtho* now prepar'd a sudden Pyre,  
 The stalking Body hasted to the Fire ;  
 Plac'd on the Pile, the smould'ring Flame she tines,  
 And to the *Manes* finally consigns ;  
 Then to the Camp, with *Sextus*, took the Way :  
 The Skies began to blush with streaky Day ;  
 But till they safe arriv'd, the friendly Night,  
 At her Command, repell'd the rising Light.



**NOTES**



# NOTES

## ON THE

### RAPE of *Proserpine*.

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#### BOOK I.

Page 2. l. 1. **T**HE horrid Horses, &c.] *Claudian* here confines his Subject to the Adventure of the RAPE; but in his Invocation he enlarges his Plan, and proposes to relate also the Travels of *Ceres* in Search of her Daughter, and her instructing Mankind in the Art of Husbandry. His Model is by this render'd irregular, and consists of more Arguments than one; each of which is important enough to form a separate Poem: nor does he appear to have made the rest subordinate to One, so as to preserve the Unity of the Work. By taking it for his Title, he seems to have design'd the RAPE for the principal Subject, and therefore he ought to have concluded with it, and consequently the *Second Book* shou'd have been the last, and the *Third Book* ought to have began a fresh Poem, since he enters in it upon an Action entirely new and different. If he wou'd have compriz'd all these Arguments in a single Poem, he shou'd have propounded *Ceres's* teaching Men Husbandry, for his immediate Theme; as being an Event which arose from the other Accidents which preceded it, and these shou'd have been introduc'd by way of Episode: The Poem shou'd have open'd with the



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the first, and in the Progress of it an Occasion shou'd have been contriv'd for reporting the others; as the burning of Troy, and *Aeneas's* Adventures before his Arrival at Carthage, are related by *Virgil*; and as *Milton* has describ'd the Rebellion of the Angels and other Occurrences which were prior to the Fall of Man, and were conducive to it.

This is an Error which affects the whole Poem in its original Draught; *M. Werensfelz* has also made some Objections against the Beginning of it, which are indeed ingenious; but notwithstanding these and some other Oversight, the Poem, unfinish'd as it is, has a good deal of Merit, and has justly been applauded: It is writ with a Warmth of Imagination, and in several Parts of it has no inconsiderable Beauties and Instances of true Taste and Judgment.

I know not whether it is worth while to acquaint the Reader, that a certain nameless Author has so much admir'd this Work of *Claudian*, as to form it into two Heroic Tragedies, in which by a few Omissions and some slight Alterations for Connection, the Dialogue is made to consist of the very Words of *Claudian*. This Poem was publish'd in Folio very early after the Invention of Printing, by the Title of, *Claudiani Siculi, Viri imprimis doctissimi, De Rapto Proserpina, Tragedia duae heroicae*. See the *Annales Typograph.* If Mr. *Dryden* had seen this Work when he wrote his Essay on Heroick Plays, he wou'd certainly have mention'd it with Pleasure, as being a much elder Hint, even in Terms, of composing such Tragedies, than what he has mention'd.

[*Ibid.* l. 10. *Far hence remove, &c.*] It is common with the Poets, when they describe any religious Rites, to warn those who are not qualify'd to attend them, to withdraw, and to stile them *profane* or *vulgar*. But this is us'd here by *Claudian* with particular Propriety and Emphasis, because it was Death for any Person who was not initiated, to be present at these Ceremonies.

*Claudian* proceeds now to mention the *Cerealia*, and very judiciously, because they were occasion'd by the Action which is the Subject of his Poem; he likewise describes himself as seiz'd with the religious Transport of those

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those who celebrated them, and as beholding the Profession of the Deities in whose Honour they were ordain'd. He ought therefore to have propos'd to declare the Original of the Institution of these Rites, which would have been the most natural Rise to his Subject, and wou'd have made this Paragraph clear and well-connected.

*Ibid.* l. 18. *The Athenian Fane, &c.*] The Temple of Ceres at Eleusis, a small Town in Attica, near Athens, and belonging to the Athenians. Here the Cerealia were perform'd, which were therefore call'd Eleusinia. These religious Rites were the most solemn and admir'd of any in Greece, and as Herodotus says, were celebrated here by the Athenians every Year. They began in the Month Βοηδρομιων, or August, and continued nine Days.

Page 3. l. 1. *Triptolemus's Dragons.*] The Dragons which drew the Chariot of Ceres, which she committed to Triptolemus, when she employ'd him to pass thro' Greece, and teach the People Tillage. See Book 3.

*Ibid.* l. 2. *Their rasy Crests.*] The Description of Dragons with Crests and Wings, which is so common in ancient Authors, is a vulgar Error. See Bachan's Hieroz. p. 2.

*Ibid.* l. 3. *Hecate, with her triple Footh.*] Proserpine, who went by three Names, Diana, Proserpine, Hecate, and was represented with three Faces or Heads; Τριγυνηταμοια Hecaten, with Virginis Ora Diana. Virg. *Æn.* 4. The Fable is perplex'd and absurd, and very differently told by the Antients; nor is there Room here to attempt a particular Explication of it.

*Ibid.* l. 4. *Bacchus, &c.*] Beside the Reason offer'd in the Preface, for his being added to Ceres's Train, it may be observ'd that Herodorus, B. 2. says, the Egyptians held Ceres and Bacchus to be Rulers of the Infernal Regions. Diodorus Siculus also informs us, that Bacchus was represented by some as the Son of Jupiter by Ceres, who restor'd him to Life when he was torn in Pieces by the Titans, in their War with the Gods; Περαιδ' αὖτε βρωγ' ἵενδ' οὐρανῶν, &c. l. 4. Some Mythologists, says he, think him to have had three Births, and affirm he was the Son of Jupiter and Ceres, and that being pull'd Limb-meal by the Titans,

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Titans, Ceres re-united his mangled Members, and restor'd him to his first Floridness of Youth. The Author of the Hymns of Orpheus likewise stiles him *τρίγονον*, thrice-born, and *εὐπολύβουλε Διὸς καὶ Περσεφόνης Ἀρρήτοις Λέκτροις τεκνωθεὶς*, which may either be render'd *An excellent Counsellor to Jupiter and Proserpine, mysteriously begotten*, as Joseph Scaliger translates it; or, *An excellent Counsellor, the secret Offspring of Jupiter and Proserpine*, which seems to be the true Construction; and thus Cicero, *de Nat. Deor. L. 3* reckoning up five Bacchus's, calls the first of them the Son of Jupiter and Proserpine. This frequent Disagreement in the Pagan Theogony and Fables, may be resolv'd partly into Mistakes thro' Ignorance, and partly into the arbitrary Variations of the Poets, the principal Fountains of the Heathen Theology, who chang'd the Traditions of their Predecessors, or publish'd new Inventions of their own, at Pleasure. I shall only add, that Bacchus was said to have assisted Ceres in her Search, and therefore a Statue of him crown'd with Ivy and holding a Torch in its Hand, was carry'd at the *Cerealia*, from *Ceramicus*, a Place in *Athens*, to *Eleusis*, with great Worship. on the sixth Day of the Rites, which was from thence call'd *Ιακχὸς*, by the Name of the Statue.

Page 3. l. 5. *Wreathing Ivy, &c.*] Ivy was thought to have the Virtue of repelling the Fumes of Wine, it was sacred to Bacchus, and was worne in Chaplets by him and his Train, and twisted about their *Thyrus*, or Spears. Ovid says, the Nymphs who nurs'd him, cover'd him over in his Cradle with Ivy, to conceal him from *Juno*. *Fast. L. 3.*

*Ibid. l. 6. Tiger's Pride.*] Bacchus wore the Skin of a Tiger on his Back, and his Chariot was drawn by Tigers, alluding to his Conquest of *India*, where those Animals abound.

*Ibid. l. 8. Crown'd Spear.*] The *Thyrus*; the Head of it was in Form of a Pine-Apple; it was wreath'd with Ivy or Vine-Leaves, and sometimes dress'd with Ribbands; and was carry'd by the Worshippers of Bacchus at his Solemnities.

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Page 3. l. 9. — *who rule o'er empty Plains below,  
Of lifeless Shades, and waste Dominion know.*

The Infernal Regions, tho' containing Multitudes of Ghosts, were said to be *waste and empty*, because the Ghosts were consider'd as mere airy Shadows, which fill'd no Space; and the Ghosts are stil'd *mones, lifeless or idle*, because they employ'd themselves only in Scenes of Amusement, and not in transacting real Affairs, and in permanent Works.

*Ibid.* l. 13. *Styx.*] *Styx* signifies *Horror*. This River is represented as the Barrier of Hell; for it was so dreaded by the Ghosts, that they did not dare to pass over it, but in *Charon's Wherry*; it was so terrible likewise to the Gods themselves, that when they had sworn by it, they never adventur'd to violate the Oath. *Hesiod* says, *Oceanus* had by *Tethys* three thousand Daughters, the most celebrated of which was *Styx*: and that if a God in any Controversy was suspected of Falshood, *Jupiter* caus'd him to drink a Draught of this Water, which was fetch'd on purpose by *Iris* in a Golden Vase; upon which, if he was guilty, he lay breathless for a whole Year, and after that endur'd Variety of Pains for nine Years longer, before he was restor'd to the Council and Banquets of the Gods; and this Honour of being the solemn Sanction of the Oaths of the Gods, was confer'd on *Styx* by *Jupiter*, because *Styx* and her Sons had assisted him against the *Titans*; But the Fable perhaps arose from the miraculous Tryal of Jealousy by Water among the *Hebrews*.

This is the Poetical Account of *Styx*; but according to *Herodotus*, *Pausanias*, *Strabo* and others, it was a Fountain in *Arcadia*, and issu'd out of certain Rocks between *Nannonis* and *Phoenus*, and its Water was a cold Poyson; but *Ptolomy* places it in *Lycia*, near the Mountain *Climax*.

*Ibid.* l. 14. *Phlegon.*] A burning River, at which the Furies kindled their Torches.

*Id.* l. 15. *Show me the Secrets of your nightly Reign,  
And every sacred Mystery explain.*

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*Claudian* having explain'd none of these Mysteries in what is remaining of this Work, this may relate perhaps to a Part of his Poem which was either never written by him, or is lost; for as he proposes to represent *Ceres's* Search after *Proserpine*, and her finding Her, he might in the Sequel have describ'd both the *Cerealia* and the Customs of *Pluto's* Kingdom, to which he wou'd be very naturally led, since *Ceres* pursued her Inquiry thither.

Page 4. l. 15. Titans.] The Sons of *Cælus* and *Terra*. They attempted to restore *Saturn*, and depose *Jupiter*; but being vanquish'd in the Battel, were cast down to the bottom of *Tartarus*, and there confin'd. *Hesiod.*

Page 5. l. 5. — who dost give, &c.] The Author of the Hymns of *Orpheus* ascribes the same Powers to *Proserpine*, who thereby appears to be Queen-Regent with *Pluto*, according to his Promise to Her, *B. 2.*

Ζῷν καὶ Θάνατον μένη θνητοῖς πολυμήχεσσι,  
φερσεφίνεια· φέρεις γὰρ αἰὲ καὶ πάντα φέρεις.

*Thou Source of Life and Death to mortal Men,  
Who bearest all, and all destroy'st agen.*

*Mæn* does not signify universally, that *Proserpine* solely enjoy'd this Power, but that she was the only Goddess who possess'd it.

*Ibid.* l. 11. — the measur'd Pause, &c.] The Term appointed for Souls to continue in the Infernal Regions, was a thousand Years; after which, having drank of the Waters of *Lethe*, which blotted out all Remembrance of their former Life, they were transmitted into new Bodies. See *Virgil Æn.* 6.

Page 6. l. 13. Maia's Son.] *Mercury*, the Son of *Maia* by *Jupiter*.

Page 7. l. 2. & 3. Cocytus—Acheron.] *Cocytus* signifies *Weeping*, and was said always to resound with lamentations: *Acheron* was a River of Grief, as the Name imports. According to *Milton* (*Par. L. B. 2.*) the Waters of *Cocytus* produc'd fierce Exclamations and Howlings, and those of *Acheron* a deep and speechless Sorrow. But the  
Words



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Words of *Claudian* seem to import there were vocal Lamentations heard on either River, and intimate as if the Noises on *Cocytus* were Sighs and lowly Sobings, and those on *Acheron* loud Groans and Roarings. *Presso Lacrimarum Fonte resedis Cocytus, Tacitisque Acheron abmutuit Undis.*

Page 7. l. 5. Offspring of *Atlas*] *Atlas* was the Father of *Maia*, *Mercury's* Mother.

Page 9. l. 20. *Rodope*] A large Mountain in *Thrace*; it is here put for the whole Country, which was sacred to *Mars*.

*Ibid.* l. 21. *Delos, Claros*] *Delos* was an Island in the *Ægean Sea*, where *Apollo* and *Diana* were born; *Claros* was a City of *Ionian*. In both these Places was a celebrated Oracle of *Apollo*.

Page 10. l. 1. *Trinacria*] *Sicily*; so called from its three Promontories, *Pachynus*, now Cape *Passaro*; *Lilybaum*, now Cape *Boëo*; and *Pelorus*, now the Faro of *Messina*. *Pachynus* was over-against the *Ionian Sea*, *Lilybaum* fac'd *Getulia*, or Part of *Africa*, and *Pelorus* was opposite to *Italy*; a *Possum Nomen adepta Loci*. *Ovid. Fast.* L. 4.

Page 12. l. 3. *Cybele*] The Mother of the Gods. Her Temple stood in *Phrygia*, a Province of *Asia the Less*, very distant from *Sicily*.

Page 13. l. 9. *Sacred Shade*] The Forest on Mount *Ida* in *Phrygia*, where stood the Temple of *Cybele*.

*Ibid.* l. 11. *Of branching Pine, &c.*] The Pine-Tree was sacred to *Cybele*.

*Ibid.* l. 13. *Hearse Murmurs &c.*] Either the Leaves of the Trees were mov'd miraculously by the Power of the Goddess, or the Wood resounded with the Noise the Company made in the Temple; where they were now celebrating the frantick Rites of *Cybele*, which were perform'd with Pipes and Timbrels and prodigious Howlings.

*Ibid.* l. 20. *The Corybants, &c.*] The Priests of *Cybele*, call'd so from their Founder *Corybas*, the Son of *Cybele* by *Jasen*. They danc'd fantastically in Armour, with naked Swords, with which they wounded themselves

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Selves in their mad Devotions, and made a hideous clattering on their Shields.

Page 13. l. 13. --*the tame Lyons, &c.*] The Chariot of *Cybele* was drawn by Lions, which she her self had tam'd.

Page 14. l. 11. *Then while her Mother's absent, take thy Way. &c.*] *Jupiter* here instructs *Venus* to effect this Decree of the Fates, by seducing *Proserpine* into the open Fields, that so she might fall into *Pluto's* Hand, and by making *Pluto* in Love with her. The first Part of this Commission she appears to execute, but concerning the other *Claudian* is entirely silent, and never shews us how *Pluto's* Affection to *Proserpine* began. He says indeed, that *Pluto* undertook the Expedition by his Brother's Direction, *Viam superas molitur ad Auras, Germani Monitu*; but he no where interests *Venus* in the Affair; for *Pluto's* amorous Inclination in general, and his Resolution to marry, it is evident by this Speech of *Jupiter*, were not produc'd by Her, and as soon as she has receiv'd her Orders she passes immediately to *Sicily*, to betray *Proserpine*, which is the only Part she appears to sustain in this Adventure.

By this Oversight, and some others which will be observ'd hereafter, it may be conjectur'd that *Claudian* neither finish'd this Poem, nor review'd what he had written. It is certain he laid it aside after he had began it, for in the *Præfatio* to the second Book, he ascribes his resuming it, after a long Intermision, to *Florentinus* the Præfect of *Rome*.

Page 15. l. 5. *So threatening Comets, &c.*] The March of the three Goddesses resembled a Comet, not only in diffusing a Track of Splendor thro' the Heavens, but in being calamitous also in the Event, as Comets are understood to presignify Misfortunes. So that the Simile is fill'd up compleatly; and unless it had been thus exact, it cou'd not justly have been us'd at all; for since by the establish'd Opinion, Comets carry an Idea of ill Omen and Terror, if the Consequence of the Goddesses Visit had been happy, their Procession cou'd not have been compar'd to the Path of a Comet, because the Idea of Mischief wou'd have prevail'd in the Reader's Mind: For tho'

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tho' it is by no means necessary that a Simile shou'd answer punctually to all the Parts of the Subject illustrated by it, yet the chief Circumstance must be preserv'd.

Page 15. l. 12. ————— the Place  
Where anxious Ceres lodg'd her tender Race, &c.

*Claudian* makes *Ceres* provide for the Security of her Daughter by the Privacy of her Abode, and by the Strength of it. But he ought to have reflected, that Bolts and Walls cou'd be no Protection from the Gods, and that as the *Cyclops*, who are employ'd to build the Palace, were Servants to *Vulcan*, he cou'd not be suppos'd not to know of their raising this Building for *Ceres*, and was likely also to impart the Secret to his Mother, who cou'd thereby easily have directed *Mars*, for whom she courted, where to find the Virgin.

Page 18. l. 3. *Orphneus*, &c.] These are *Greek* Names, signifying Darkness, Burning, Night and Revenge.

*Ibid* l. 4. mark'd Ahstor.] He was branded with the first Letter of *Pluto's* Name.

## BOOK II.

Page 19. l. 1. **T**H' Ionian Son.] Call'd so from the *Ionians*, who receiv'd their Name from *Io*, the Daughter of the River of *Inachus*, according to the Heathen Mythology. but more truly from *Javan*, the Son of *Japhet*. It lay at the South-East End of *Sicily*, between that and *Epirus*.

Page 20. l. 9. And hopes the coming Hour.] This looks as if *Venus* had not yet executed her Father's Orders to make *Pluto* in Love with *Proserpina*, but waited his rising above ground to fulfill them; and if *Pluto* was not enamour'd with her, why shou'd he thus attempt to seize her?

*Ibid*. l. 17. The spotless Queen of Woodland Game.] *Diana*, who was the Goddess of Hunting.

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Page 20. l. 18. *With her whose Arms protect th' Athenian Fame.*] *Minerva* the tutelar Goddess of *Athens*.

*Ibid.* l. 22. *The horrid Typhon's Form.*] One of the Giants, whom *Pallas* slew in the Assault they made upon Heaven.

*Ibid.* l. 23. *Tho' slain above, below the Monster lives.*] The Giants Feet ended in Serpents instead of Toes, and therefore tho' Typhon's Body was kill'd, the Serpents of his Feet remain'd alive. Concerning the Giants and their Feet, *Macrobius* gives us this Moral: *Gigantes, quid aliud, &c. Saturn. L. 1. What are we to understand the Giants to have been, but an impious Generation of Men, who deny'd the Existence of the Gods, and were therefore thought to have attempted to drive them from their celestial Dwelling? And their Feet terminated in the Folds of a Serpent, to signify they never employ'd their Thoughts on Things honourable and sublime, but were always base and groveling: Which is an ingenious Construction, tho' he mistakes the true Origin of the Fable,*

Page 21. l. 1. *The Gorgon's Head.*] The Sight of the Gorgon's Head transforming the Beholders into Stone, *Claudian* judiciously causes *Minerva* to throw her Gown over her Shield to prevent this Mischiefe.

*Ibid.* l. 7. *The same she were, &c.*] There is generally something extremely pleasing in these little Touches of Poetical Painting; thus this Circumstance of mutual Likeness in two Twins is finely express'd by *Virgil*, and improv'd to heighten the Reader's Pity for their Death.

*Daucis, Laride, Thymberque, simillima Proles,  
Indiscreta suis, gratusque Parentibus Error, &c. Æn. 10.*

————— the Daucian Twins were slain,

*Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian Plain:*

*So wondrous like in Feature, Shape and Size,*

*As caus'd an Error in their Parents Eyes.*

*Grateful Mistake! but soon the Sword decides*

*The nice Distinction, and their Fate divides, &c. Dryd.*

The Resemblance of either Sex also in the same Face is well describ'd by *Ovid* in *Atalanta*. Facies,

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Facies, quam dicere verè  
Virgineam in Puero, puerilem in Virgine posses.

Met. 8.

*Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd  
A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd  
The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.*

Dryden.

To which may be added an Epigram of *Ausonius*, mention'd by the *Dauphin's* Editor, which is very happily turn'd;

Dum dubitat Natura, Marem facerétne Puellam,  
Factus es, O pulcer, penè Puella Puer.

*While curious Nature doubting stood with Joy,  
Which to create thee, or a Girl or Boy,  
So erringly her wav'ring Fancy sway'd,  
Almost a Girl, O beautiful Boy, she made.*

Page 22. l. 5. *Tethys*.] The Wife of *Oceanus*, and Sister to *Hyperion*, the Father of the Sun and the Moon, whom she nurs'd in their Infancy. Perhaps this Parentage of the Sun and Moon (who are also call'd *Apollo* and *Diana*, and said to be the Offspring of *Jupiter* by *Latona*) is in Allusion to the Opinion among the Antients, that those Luminaries arose daily from the Sea, and sunk down into it again when they set.

*Ibid.* l. 19. *Crinisus*.] *Crinisus*, or *Crimisus*, was a River at the West End of *Sicily*. [*Panagias*] another at the East End, call'd so from the Violence of its Current. [*Camerina*] was a Lake, near a City of the same Name, in the South East Part of the Island. [*Gelas*.] Both the River *Gelas* and the City, were in the Southern Quarter of *Sicily*. [*Arctus*] a celebrated Fountain at the East Side near *Syracuse*. [*Alpheus*] a River at *Elis* in the *Peloponnese*, (now the *Morea*) which is said to mix its Waters by a subterraneous Passage with the Fountain. The Poetical Fable of it is well known.

*Ibid.* l. 25. *Cyane*.] Another celebrated Fountain near *Syracuse*. She is here introduc'd as the Nymph of the Fountain; and B. 3. she is transform'd into the Fountain



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it self. Ovid has also represented her thus, in his Account of the Rape, *Metam. B. 5.* which is inconsistent with the usual Method of Poetical Mythology; for tho' the Poets commit the Absurdity of changing a Man or Woman at once into a River it self, and the Deity of it, yet they do not introduce them first as the Deity of the River, and make them undergo the Transformation afterwards.

Page 23. l. 2. *Moony Shields.*] The Shields of the *Amazons* were in Form of a Crescent.

*Ibid.* l. 3. *Tanais.*] A River of *Scythia*, which parts *Europe* and *Asia*; the *Getes* were a People adjacent, with whom the *Amazons* made War.

*Ibid.* l. 8. *Hermus.*] A River near *Ionis*, which is said to have Golden Sands.

*Ibid.* l. 11. *Etna.*] A City in the middle of *Sicily*, and thence frequently call'd *Umbilicus Insulae*, the Navel of the Island. The Name in the *Punic* Tongue (*Emsaum*) as *Bochart* shews, signifies the Fountain of Delight. As the Rape was committed near it, *Ceres* had a Temple there, and was worship'd with great Solemnity. It stood on a Hill, *Loco præcelsæ atque editæ*, says *Cicero*, and had a lovely Lawn beside it, perpetually furnish'd with Flowers. It is this Lawn which is meant here by *herboso Vertice*.

*Ibid.* l. 25. *The goodly Scene, &c.*] *Proserpine*, says *Diodorus*, was taken in the Fields near *Etna*. A Scene gay with Violets and other Flowers, and very lovely to behold. The Field is all level on the Top, well water'd and of difficult Ascent on every Side. Near the City also are Groves and Meadows, beautiful Gardens and Lakes. *Libi 5.* *Cicero* also says, the Meadow on the Crown of the Hill was a smooth Plain; and that the Access to the City was steep and ragged. The easy Ascent therefore which *Claudian* describes, is not the Ascent to the Meadow from other Parts, but of the Meadow it self, which consisted of a Ground gently rising, with an ample Plain at the upper End.

Page 24. l. 3. *Hybla.*] A Part of *Sicily* celebrated for excellent Honey. There were two of the Name, a greater and a less.

*Ibid.* l. 5. *Pænœa.*] A Country fruitful in *Frankincense*.

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Page 41. l. 6. *Hydaspes*.] A River of India, around whose Banks were large Groves of Spices.

Page 25. l. 21. *Jove's fav'rite Oak*.] The Oak was sacred to *Jupiter*, and he had a celebrated Oracle in a Grove of Oaks at *Dodona* in *Epirus*.

*Ibid*. l. 22. *The precious Laurel*.] The Laurel was the sacred Tree of *Apollo*, whose Priests wore Garlands of the Boughs of it when they deliver'd his Oracles.

Page 16. l. 2. *Pergus*.] It lay about five Miles from the City *Enna*.

*Ibid*. l. 15. *While my bright Star*.] The Planet *Venus* is the Morning-Star one Part of the Year, and is then call'd *Lucifer* or *Phosphor*, and the other Part is the Evening-Star, and is call'd *Hesperus*.

*Ibid*. l. 17. *The Flower which told her Grief*.] *Adonis* being kill'd by a wild Boar, *Venus* chang'd him into an *Anemone*, i. e. the Wind-Flower, *Excutunt idem, qui præstant Nomina Venti*. Ovid. *Metam.* L. 11.

Page 27. l. 7. *Hyacinth*.] *Hyacinthus* was born at *Amiclae*, a City in *Laconia*, a Province of *Greece*; he was belov'd by *Apollo*: As *Apollo* was playing with him at Coits, *Hyacinthus* stoop'd down hastily to snatch up *Apollo's* Coit as soon as it alighted, which rebounding with the Violence of the Fall, struck him on the Forehead and kill'd him.

*Ibid*. *Narcissus*.] *Narcissus* was the Son of the River-God *Cephissus* by the Nymph *Liriope*; the Poets made him very fantastically pine to Death for Love of his own Image reflected in the Fountain *Helicorne*, without once knowing that it was his own.

*Ibid*. l. 15. *Delius*.] *Apollo*, so call'd from *Delos*, the Island where he was born.

*Ibid*. l. 17. *The fruitful Quern*.] *Ceres*, the Goddess of Corn, the great Fruit of the Earth.

Page 29. l. 14. *Liparé*.] The largest of the *Æolian* Islands, between *Italy* and *Sicily*.

*Ibid*. l. 22. *So when Thessalia*.] *Thessaly* was said to have been formerly overflow'd by the River *Peneus*, which was prevented from discharging it self by a Ridge of Mountains which enclos'd it on every Side, like

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a Wall, but *Neptune* broke them asunder with his Mace, and open'd a Passage for the Waters. *Lucan* ascribes this Action to *Hercules*. L. 6.

Page 30. l. 3 & 4. *Ossa and Olympus*.] Two of those Mountains, which were thus separated by *Neptune*.

*Ibid* l. 11. *The Bear, &c.*] The Constellation of *Ursa major*, the greater *Bear*, never sets in the Northern Hemisphere. The Fable was, that *Jupiter* having been familiar with *Calisto*, one of *Diana's* Nymphs, *Juno* in Revenge transform'd her into a *Bear*, and *Arctas*, her Son by *Jupiter*, meeting her in the Forest, was going to shoot her, not imagining it was his Mother, but *Jupiter* prevented him, and translated them both to the Skies, changing the Mother into the Constellation of the greater *Bear*, and the Son into that call'd *Arctophylax*, i. e. the *Bear-ward*. *Juno*, still pursuing her Revenge, prevail'd on *Tithys*, the Goddess of the Ocean, not to suffer the Mother's Constellation to descend into the Sea, as the other Stars were suppos'd to do, when they set.

*Ibid* l. 12. *Slow Boötes*.] Another Name for *Arctophylax*; it is call'd slow, because tho' it is always in Motion, it never passes out of Sight to the Inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere.

*Ibid* l. 13. *Orion*.] A Southern Constellation. He was said to owe his Birth to a very fantastical Original; by *Jupiter's* urining into an Ox's Hide with *Mercury* and *Neptune*. Being stung to Death by a Scorpion, he was chang'd into the Star which bears his Name.

*Ibid*. *Atlas*.] He was King of *Mauritania*, and refusing to entertain *Percus*, the Son of *Jupiter* by *Danaë*, *Percus* chang'd him into a Mountain by the Sight of the *Gorgon's* Head in his Shield. This Mountain being very high, he was said to bear up the Heavens on his Shoulders. See *Virgil*, *Æn.* 4.

Page 31. l. 7. *New Pallas lifts her Shield; her level'd Bow, Phæbe prepares, &c.*

*Claudian* drops *Venus* silently without the least Intimation whether she remain'd with the two other Goddesses,

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deffes, or took an Opportunity to retire unobserv'd while they were attempting the Rescue; and in the Relation which he makes *Electra* give *Ceres* of the Rape in the next Book, he represents all the Goddeffes as going off suddenly together, without mentioning this Interposál of *Diana* and *Pallas* in *Proserpine's* Behalf. *Electra* indeed might be ignorant of the Behaviour of the Goddeffes, by her Distance from them, and by the common Confusion and the extraordinary Darkn'ss when the Action was perpetrated; but in his own Narration, the Poet ought to have given an Account of the Conduct of *Venus* as well as of her two Sisters.

*Ibid.* l. 20. *Minerva cries* ] In the Speeches of *Diana* and *Pallas* on this Occasion, *Claudian* has shewn an excellent Judgment. They were both profess'd Virgins, and equally related to *Proserpine* and *Pluto*, and therefore cou'd not be suppos'd to be silent at the Rape. To have made them both address a Speech to *Pluto* or to *Proserpine*, wou'd have abated the Agitation of the Reader's Mind by not diversifying the Action: And in assigning them their Parts, *Claudian* has accurately distinguish'd the Complexions of the two Goddeffes, and determin'd with the highest Propriety. *Pallas*, the Goddeff of War and Slaughter, directs her self to *Pluto*, and rallies him with the utmost Severity and Vigour; the prevalent Passion in Her at the Outrage being naturally imagin'd, from her Character, to be Revenge and Fury: while *Diana* takes Leave of *Proserpine*; for as she is the Goddeff of innocent Exercises and Sports, she seems to be of a milder Disposition, and to be more touch'd with Pity for the unhappy Maid than Rage at the Ravisher; besides, *Diana* was the profess'd Patroness of Virgins, and had always a Train of them to attend her; whereas *Pallas*, tho' she was a Virgin her self, was not a Publick Fautress of Maids, nor retain'd a Number of them for her Followers.

Page 31. l. 23. *The Diræ.* ] *Alecto*, *Tisiphone* and *Megara*. They are the same as the Furies, tho' *Claudian* mentions them here by both these Names together, as if they were distinct.

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*Sunt tibi deformes Diræ, sunt altera Læthes  
Numina, sunt tristes Furæ te Coniuge digna.*

*Diræ* is said to be the Name they went by in Heaven, in Hell they were call'd Furies, and Harpies on Earth.

Page 33. l. 11. *Taygetus—Menalus.*] The first was a Mountain in the Island *Delos*, and the other in *Arcadia*. They were both famous for the Resort of *Apollo* and *Diana*.

Page 34. l. 17. *False Venus.*] It does not appear how *Proserpine* discover'd the Treachery of *Venus*; this Part of the Story being unaccurately dispos'd by *Claudian*. The most natural Supposition is, that *Proserpine* in her Distress charg'd her Misfortune on *Venus*, rather than any other of the Company, from the general ill Character she bore for Actions of this Kind, and because she had first prompted her to ramble abroad into the Fields contrary to her Mother's express Injunction, and urg'd her to it repeatedly with great Inapertunity.

*Ibid.* l. 22. ——— the horrid Sight  
Of Priests, who bleed, &c,

The *Corybantes*, concerning whom see the Note upon that Word, Book 1.

Page 35. l. 15. ——— below,  
Another Sky and shining Stars we know.

Thus *Virgil* describes the *Elysian* Fields and the whole Region of *Pluto* as another World furnish'd with a Sky and Stars of its own, included within the Globe of this Earth. Concerning this Supposition, which is not unphilosophical, see Mr. *Whiston's Astronomical Principles of Religion*, Part 5.

*Ibid.* l. 19. ——— the Heroes honour'd Race,  
And pious Shades, inhabiting the Place;  
Where in full Lustre we for ever hold  
That precious Progeny and Age of Gold,  
The World above once only saw of old.

}  
Cul-



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Cultoresque pios ; illic preciosior Ætas,  
Aurea Progenies habitat, semperque tenemus  
Quod superi meruere semel.

The Mansions of *Elysium* were inhabited by the Spirits of the Heroes and virtuous Men, who flourish'd on Earth in the Golden Age, where that excellent Race and that glorious Age were enjoy'd only once, and soon disappear'd, whereas below they continu'd for ever. *Virgil* also peoples those Regions with the same Colony. These Heroes seem to be exempted from the Law to which inferior Spirits were subject, of revisiting the Earth in new Bodies, as having improv'd themselves to a Degree of Perfection, which needed not a second Probation, and therefore they obtain'd the Privilege of always possessing this final Felicity of worthy Minds, without repeating their Part over again on the Stage of the Earth.

Page 36. l. 12. ————— the Silver Moon,  
Whose rolling Orb divides the lower Spheres  
From upper Heav'n, and from th' immortal Stars.

It was the Opinion of the Antients that from the Moon downwards, all things were liable to Corruption, and that the Sphere of the Moon was the Limit which separated between Immortality and Death, Permanency & Decay. Thus *Cicero*, in his *Somnium Scipionis*, *Infra autem* (sc. *Lunam*) *Nihil est nisi mortale & caducum, præter Animæ Generi & Hominum Munera Deorum datos ; supra Lunam sunt æterna omnia.* Whatever is below the Moon is perishing and mortal, except the Minds which the Munificence of the Gods has bestow'd on Human Kind ; but above the Moon all things are eternal.

Page 37. l. 11. ————— amid his fervid Flood  
Huge Phlegethon, an awful Figure, flood.

————— ingens  
Assurgit Phlegethon —————

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*Phlegethon* is describ'd here as the God of that River, standing up in it at his full Length, tho' it is not usual in the Poets to represent the Infernal Rivers with their proper Deities, like the Rivers upon Earth.

Page 38. l. 3.—*the bury'd Dead*] The Ghosts of those, whose Bodies were bury'd, or had the Funeral Rites perform'd, and *Canotaphs*, i. e. empty Tombs, erected to them, if they cou'd not be found, were alone permitted to be convey'd over into the Infernal Region by *Charon*; all others being oblig'd to wait upon the dismal Shore till a thousand Tears were expir'd, before they were transported. This made the Antients dread the Want of Burial so extremely, that the bravest Heroes at their Death earnestly entreat they might not suffer it. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

*Ibid. l. 5. Crown'd Manes.*] The Infernal Rulers, who now wore Crowns or Garlands, in Token of Joy.

*Ibid. l. 13. Ixion turns not on his hurrying Wheel,  
Nor swift from Tantalus the Waters steal;  
Ixion rests, and Tantalus relieves  
His Thirst impatient, and the Draught receives.*

Non Rota suspensum præceps Ixiona torquet,  
Non Aqua Tantaleis subducitur invida Labris,  
Solvitur Ixion, invenit Tantalus Undas.

The last Verse of the *Latin* is suppos'd to be spurious, by the *Dauphin's* Editor, and others; but there is no Certainty in their Conjecture; for tho' the general Thought is the same in that and the two former, yet it is diversify'd in the Manner of expressing it, and is negative in the first, and affirmative in the other; which is not only no Blemish in Poetical Writings, but frequently a Beauty, and perhaps may be admitted as such here.

*Ibid. l. 17. Tityus.*] A Giant. He attempted to violate *Diana*, and was therefore driven down to Hell, and fasten'd to the Ground at his full Length, with a Vultur always devouring his Liver. He was so large, that he cover'd

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cover'd nine Acres, according to most of the Poets; tho' *Cornelius Severus*, in his *Æna*, says only seven.

*Hi Tytyon septem stravers in Jugera sædum.*

Page 39. l. 1. *With holy Fire.*] These Torches were for Rejoycing and Triumph, and were accordingly kindled with innocent Fires; whereas their common Torches being us'd for Terror and Punishment, they lighted them at the burning River *Phlegethon*,

*Ibid.* l. 3. *The poison'd Lake.*] *Avernus*,

*Ibid.* l. 5. *Amsanctus*] A Lake in the middle of that Part of *Italy*, which was inhabited by the *Hirpini*: It was encompass'd with high Mountains, and cover'd in with Groves of Trees, and the Waters sending out a sulphureous Stench, it was feign'd to issue from the River *Acheron*, and to be the Sally-Port of the Infernal Powers. See it describ'd by *Virgil*, *Æn.* 7.

## BOOK III.

THE Beginning of this Book, *Scaliger* says, is lofty, elegant, and finely turn'd: and tho' indeed he proposes an Alteration, which, he thinks, wou'd make it more compleat, he does it with a kind of Modesty and Reluctance, *Suppudebat pene movere de Statu suo Initium Libri tertii*, which is a Proof of his Affection for the Author.

Page 41. l. 15. *Nereus*] The Son of *Oceanus* by *Tethys*. He was the Father of the *Nereids* by his Sister *Doris*.

*Ibid.* *Phorcus*] *Nereus's* Brother.

*Ibid.* *Glaucus*] He was a Fisherman; and observing that the Fishes he had caught, when he spread them abroad upon the Grass, as soon as they touch'd a certain Herb, sprung back into the Sea, he tasted it himself, and immediately jumpt in after them, and was chang'd into a Sea-God, his lower Parts being transform'd into a Fish.

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Page 42. l. ult. Proteus.] The Son of Neptune. He now forebore his usual Slight of turning himself into several Forms, out of Reverence to the Assembly of the Gods.

Page 43. l. 3. Each Nais.] The Naidæ were Nymphs of Rivers and Fountains, as the Nereidæ were Nymphs of the Sea.

Page 44. l. 12. Till pleas'd with Tidings of her Daughter found.]

—nec enim livescere Fas est,  
Vel nocuisse Deos.

says Claudian just before, in Vindication of Jupiter; but by this Part of the Speech, it is not easy to acquit Ceres of the Charge. For she seems to have deny'd Mankind the Knowledge of Husbandry, not from Jupiter's Command, but her own Choice and Resolution; since the Means by which Jupiter proposes to cause her to impart so valuable a Blessing to the World, were to afflict her with a long laborious Search after her Daughter, that in the Transport of her Joy for finding Her, after she had despair'd of it, she might vouchsafe to discover so excellent an Art.

Page 46. l. 1. Now at her Bowels.] An Omen of Mischief to her Daughter, the Offspring of her Bowels.

Ibid. l. 2. Her white Vest.] Ceres wore a long white Garment of Linnen, whence those who celebrated her Feast at Harvest wore the same.

*Festa pia Cereris celebrabant annua Matres*

*Alia, quibus nivea velata Corpora Veste, &c. Ovid. Met. 10.*

Ibid. l. 11. Dryads.] Wood Nymphs, who dwelt in the Trees, and always lamented when they were fell'd, because they were destroy'd by it, and to seek for Shelter.

*With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry Tree,*

*And how the Dryads, and the Woodland Train*

*Disperit, ran howling o'er the Plain.*

Dryden.

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Page 46. l. 18. *Lane in a Dungeon.*] This Dream is artfully contriv'd to allarm *Ceres*, and intimate to her that her Daughter was fallen into some great Misfortune, and yet not to point out where she was conceal'd, or in whose Hands she was. As *Proserpine* was carry'd down to Hell, the Scene is laid in a Dungeon, and the representing her as having lost her former Beauty, and being loaded with Fetters, not only gave *Ceres* a general Impression of Horror, but may respect her Confinement with *Pluto*, and her being thereby lost to the View of all the World above.

Page 49. l. 7. *The hollow Box.*] The Flutes us'd in *Cybele's* Temple, which were made of Box.

*Ibid.* l. 23, 24. *And seeks Sicilia, e'er she lost the Sight  
Of Ida's Hill, &c.*

A most natural Description of extreme Impatience and Concern; that tho' she knew *Sicily* was so far off, yet she was looking out eagerly for it, as soon as she had parted from *Phrygia*.

*Ibid.* l. 26. *So fears the Mother Bird.*] It is almost impossible to invent a Simile more tender and better adapted to the Occasion. It is happily chosen and well-express'd. And in the two Similitudes *Claudian* makes in this Part of the Poem concerning *Ceres*, under her different Passions, he has shewn a fine Taste and Judgment; for here, when she is full of affectionate Fears, he beautifully compares her to the Mother of a Nest, allarm'd for her helpless Young; and afterwards when she is inflam'd with Rage and Revenge, he skillfully diversifies the Image, and resembles her to a Tigress raving for the Loss of her Whelps.

Page 50. l. 8. *The Gate wide open.*] *Resupinati capite Cardine Postes*, i. e. the Entry of the House; *Foribusque reclusis*, therefore, a few Lines after, signifies the inner Doors of the several Rooms.

*Ibid.* l. 17. *Th' unfinish'd Purple, &c.*] The Scarf *Proserpine* was weaving for her Mother, B. 1. and laid aside upon the Arrival of the three Goddesses. The mentioning



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ing this Circumstance here was extremely proper to encrease *Ceres's* Grief and Anguish for her Daughter.

Page 51. l. 13.—*Nymphs of ancient Ocean's Race.*] The *Nereides*.

Page 51. l. 5. Typhæus.] One of the Giants who made War on Heaven. He was thrown beneath the Island *Inarime* in *Campania*. See *Virg. Æn.* 9.

*Ibid.* l. 6. Alcyoneus.] Another, who was over-whelm'd with Mount *Vesuvius*.

*Ibid.* l. 8. The lab'ring Giant] *Enceladus*.

*Ibid.* l. 9. Briareus.] Another of those Giants; call'd also *Ægeon*. He is said by some to be chain'd to a Rock by *Neptune*, and *Virgil* and others represent him as guarding the Passage of Hell, among other Phantoms, or departed Ghosts of Monsters and Giants,

*Ibid.* l. 25. A common Evil less affects the Mind.] If the Giants had been the Authors of it, there had been nothing in it so surprizing, nor aim'd against *Ceres* in particular, because they were sworn Enemies of all the Gods; whereas it was an insupportable Aggravation of the Mischief, that it was acted by Goddesses themselves, and by Goddesses who were her Sisters.

Page 53. l. 5. Phlegrean Progeny.] The Giants; call'd so from the *Phlegrean* Fields, a Part of *Campania* which abounds with fiery Springs of Sulphur, and from thence receiv'd the Name. Here the Battel was said to be fought between the Gods and the Giants, who were vanquish'd by Thunder and Lightning, alluding to the Nature of the Soil.

*Ibid.* l. 18, 19. And not to raise Suspicion in our Mind,  
Pallas was there, and chaste Diana join'd.

This was certainly the Reason of *Venus's* chusing these for her Companions; but how *Electra* discover'd it, does no where appear.

Page 54. l. 26. Black Night ascends, &c.] The Circumstances here describ'd of Clouds and Fogs, and a Chariot's rising, with a dreadful Noise, from beneath the Ground, seem so naturally to refer to *Pluto*, that it is  
strange

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strange neither *Electra* nor *Ceres* shou'd from thence suspect him to be the Ravisher.

Page 56. l. 13. *Her Husband Wind.*] Zephyr, the West Wind, by which, according to the Opinion of the Antients, tho' very absurd, and contrary to Truth, the Tigress and some other Creatures conceiv'd without the Male. See *Virgil*, *Geor.* 3.

Τίγρεις οἷα θοοὶ, κραίπνυ Ζεφύροιο χροῖθλην.

Oppian. *Cyneg.* L. 1.

*And the swift Tigers, winged Zephyr's Breed.*

Αὐτὰς γὰρ τε δάεν ἰκέλη Ζεφύρῳ χροῖθῃσι. L. 3.

*Rapid like Zephyrus, their winged Sire.*

Junctaque sum Vento, Vento velocior ipso,  
Et mihi dat Ventus natos, nec quæro maritum.

*Sympos. de Tigri.*

*Mix'd with the Wind, without the Male I breed,  
And ev'n the Wind in rapid Flight exceed.*

*Ibid.* l. 15. *Calls out her angry Spots.*] It was likewise a Notion, that the Spots on the Tigers Skin became more visible and glowing, when they were enrag'd; thus also *Statius*,

——— audito venantium Murmure, Tigris  
Horruit in Maculas, ——— Theb. 2.

*Ibid.* l. 17. *Her own Form reflected in the Glass.*] It is said that he who took the Tiger's Whelps, if he was pursu'd by the Dam, threw down a Mirror, according to some, a Glass Globe, according to others, and that the Tigress seeing her self in it, and fancying her own Image to be her Young, busy'd her self to get them out of the Glass, and thereby gave the Man Time to make his Escape. Thus *Ambrosius*, *Hexaem.* l. 6. c. 4. But *Damir*, the Arabian, absurdly says the Whelps were separately put into a sort of

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of Glass-Cages, one of which the Huntsman threw down to the Sire, upon the Pursuit. In which Passage he makes the Male Tiger pursue the Robber, which is at once contrary to Nature, and to the constant Tradition of other Writers.

Page 56. l. 23. *From Cybel, &c.*] *Cybele* was the Mother of *Ceres* by *Saturn*, and of *Vesta*, *Juno*, *Pluto*, *Neptune* and *Jupiter*; she had several Names, as *Rhea*, *Mater Deorum*, *Berecynthia*, *Ops*, &c.

Page 57. l. 7. *Her late Embrace, &c.*] When *Mars* and she were caught asleep together in each others Arms, and were thus expos'd by *Vulcan* to the View and Laughter of all the Gods.

*Ibid.* l. 11. *But you, the boasted Maidens of the Sky, &c.*] *Electra* had not accus'd these of being Partakers in *Venus's* Fraud, nor does it appear that she suspected them; but since they were in Company at the Time, it was natural for *Ceres* in her Passion to charge them as Accomplices in the Guilt.

*Ibid.* l. 16. *Temples built on Scythia's savage Shore.*] *Diana* had a Temple in *Taurica Chersonesus* on the Borders of *Scythia*, where Strangers were sacrific'd to her; and for this cruel Action to her Daughter, *Ceres* tells her and *Pallas* that they both deserv'd to be worship'd only in such barbarian Places, and with such inhuman Rites.

Page 58. l. 8. *Again she's conquer'd, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this sudden Transition of the Passions from the Violence of Rage to the Calmness of Dejection, from the Insult of Reproaching to the Meekness of Supplication.

Page 59. l. 7. *So may'st thou still thy radiant Son enjoy.*] *Ceres* very properly solicits *Lutona* from her Happiness in having two such illustrious Children, as *Apollo* and *Diana*, and wishes well to *Apollo* alone, without mentioning his Twin-Sister *Diana*, because she judg'd her to be an Accomplice in the Rape.

Page 60. l. 5. *Let impious Jupiter, &c.*] *Ceres* takes *Jupiter*, because he refus'd to assist Her, and his Daughters were the Authors, as she believ'd, of her Misfortune; she charges *Juno* also, because she suppos'd she had made  
*Jupiter*

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*Jupiter* her Enemy, as she had oblig'd him to abandon other *Mistresses* before.

Page 60. l. 20. *His Aegis.*] The Shield of *Jupiter*, so call'd because it was made of the Hide of the She-Goat, which had suckled him.

Page 61. l. 13. *Cypresses.*] Nothing cou'd be more properly invented than to make *Ceres* chuse *Cypress-Trees*, which were us'd at Funerals, for Torches on this melancholic Occasion; the Thought is also finely improv'd in the mournful Reflection she makes upon it, in her Speech when she begins her Search.

*Ibid.* l. 17. *Oroates.*] A River of *Antioch* in *Syria*; near it stood a Grove of Laurels, *Apollo's* sacred Tree.

Page 63. l. 4. *Climb the steepy Hills laborious Height.*] To light up the Brands at the Mountain's Mouth.

*Ibid.* l. 9. *To visit Thebes.*] To haunt and terrify the two Brothers, *Polynices* and *Eteocles*, the Sons of *Oedipus*.

*Ibid.* l. 16. *With Face full-fronting.*] Some Editions have it *aversâ Fronte*, and others, *adversâ*, as the *Dauphin's*; I have alter'd the Translation from *with Face averted*, to *Face full-fronting*, because it seems better to express the resolute Fearless of *Ceres* in her Rage, that as when she was cutting down Trees for Torches, she wou'd not have scrupled to strike at *Jupiter* himself, if he had stood in her Way, *vibratque incerta securim, ipsum etiam peritura Jovem*; so now she scorns to turn aside her Head to avoid the Smoke and Heat of the Mountain,

*Ibid.* l. 17. *Smother'd up the Mouth, &c.*] The two Trees were so large, that they fill'd up the Vent of the Mountain, at which the Flames discharg'd themselves, and shut in the Vapours and Fires, till *Ceres*, after they were thro'ly kindled, drew them out, and releas'd the Passage.

Page 64. l. 5. *Lights such as these.*] *Cypress-Torches*, which were ominous, and us'd only at Funerals.

Page 66. l. 7. *Scylla's Den.*] Very dangerous Rocks on the Coast of *Sicily*, over-against *Italy*; and opposite to these was the celebrated Whirlpool of *Charibdis*.



## NOTES on Sextus and Erichtho.

Page 70. l. 1. **D**evoted Ground, Lat. *Damnata Fatis Tellure.*] The Ground appointed by the Fates to be the Scene of the last decisive Battel between *Caesar* and *Pompey*.

*Ibid.* l. 7. *Th' alternata Passions.*] Hope and Fear.

*Ibid.* l. 10. *In Exile thus, &c.*] *Pompey* had triumph'd for destroying the Pirates who infested the Sea about *Sicily*; and after the Defeat at *Munda* in *Spain*, his Son *Sextus* turn'd Pirate, and robb'd on the same Seas.

*Ibid.* l. 16. *Pythian Cave*] The Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphi*, a City of *Greece*, near *Parnassus*; it was deliver'd by a Priestess who acquir'd her Inspiration by hovering over a certain Cavern in the Temple. It was call'd *Pythian*, from *Apollo's* Surname, for killing the Dragon *Python*; the Priestess was also from thence call'd a *Pythonefs*. See this Oracle describ'd by *Lucan*, B. 5.

*Ibid.* l. 17. *Vocal Oak.*] The Oracle of *Jupiter*, deliver'd from an Oak in *Dodona*, a Forest of *Epirus*.

Page 71. l. 5. *Hemonian Witches.*] The Witches of *Thessaly*, which was call'd *Hemonia* from the Mountain *Hemus*.

*Ibid.* l. 11. ——— the Rocks around,

*Their Songs affect* ———

————— *Sensuraque Saxa canentes.*

The Sentiment is inverted in the Expression in the *Latin*; for *Lucan's* Design was not to declare there were Rocks in *Thessaly* endu'd with Sense, but that the Powers of the Witches were so surprizing, that they cou'd make even the Rocks sensible of their Charms.

*Ibid.* l. 15. *Ev'n Heav'n, which turns an unregarding Ear,*]

*Impia tot Populis, tot surdas Gentibus Aures  
Coelicolum, diræ convertunt Carmina Gentis.*

As



## Notes on Sextus and Erichtho.

As the Words which immediately follow *Impia* are capable of being grammatically coupled with it, the Reader is apt to apply it accordingly, before he has unravel'd the perplex'd Disposition of the Verses, and discover'd that *surdas*, and not *impia*, is to be constru'd with *tot Populis*, &c.

Page 71. l. 20. *Ev'n such as listlessly abhor to guide, &c.*] Alluding to the stupid Opinion of *Epicurus*, that the Administration of the World was such a burdensome Employment, that the Gods for their own Ease declin'd it.

*Ibid.* l. 26. *Chaldean and Egyptian Train.*] The *Chaldeans* and *Egyptians* were celebrated for Astrology and Magic.

Page 73. l. 7. *Rivers run backward.*] The Properties of the several Rivers which are mention'd, are inverted by the Witches. Thus the *Nile* forbears his Summer-Flow, and the crooked *Meander* runs in a strait Line; the slow *Arax* becomes rapid, and the swift *Rhone* creeps along very slowly.

*Ibid.* l. 25. *Push'd off obliquely by their pow'rful Cry,  
The weighty Ball remov'd, discloses either Sky.*

*Tantæ Molis Onus percussum Voce recessit,  
Prospectumque dedit circumlabentis Olympi.*

The Sense of this Translation is embrac'd also by *Grotius*, and is justify'd by the Verb *recessit*, which evidently signifies that the Ball of the Earth was remov'd out of the Place where it hangs in the Heavens, and not that it was divided or cleft asunder, as some have rather imagin'd: But there is nothing in the *Latin* to support such a Construction; for the Word *Percussum*, which alone can be suppos'd to favour it, by no means declares such a Separation, but only that the Globe of the Earth was struck or thrust aside by the Cries of the Witches, as by an external Force violently apply'd.

Page 74. l. 8. *Human Poison the swell'd Serpent splits.*] The Breath of the Witches, or their Spittle, was so venomous, that it kill'd even the Serpents.

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Page 74. l. 17. Of Pow'r to work whatever they ordain?]

qui Mundum cogere, quicquid  
Cogitur ipse, potest.

The Turn in the *Latin* is hard, and without any Grace, and the Expression not very natural and proper; it is Elliptical, and if we supply the Word *Efficere*, or *Præstare*, as something of this Sense must be understood, the Absurdity will appear; for it is not only idle to make the World perform that which the God had himself effected before, but the same Word (*Efficere* or *Præstare*) must carry a different Meaning, as apply'd to the God and to the World.

*Ibid.* l. 23. And struggling with the Charm, &c.] The Eclipse of the Moon was vulgarly imputed by the Antients to Incantations, which forc'd her down from her Orbit towards the Earth, to shed certain Dews or Jellies, which were of extraordinary Effect in Magic.

*Ibid.* l. 26. And as debas'd with Pious accuse.] Nothing could more strongly express how far *Erichtho* surpass'd the other Witches in their impious Infernal Arts.

Page 75. l. 9. — Nor Life nor Fate forbids.

Non Superi, non Vita vetat.

The Verb *Vetat*, as connected to *Superi*, signifies literally to forbid or disallow, but as apply'd to *Vita*, it signifies not an Action, but an Impediment or Disqualification arising from a Condition. And tho' there may sometimes seem to be Wit in making the same Verb thus answer a double and different Sense, it is never just nor proper in a serious Subject.

*Ibid.* l. 24. Her Altars.] Altars on which she made her Magical Sacrifices to the Infernal Powers, according to what she afterwards says in her Speech.

Page 76. l. 8. — Torches which before their Sons, &c.] Among the Greeks and Romans, the next of Kin carry'd the Torch before the Dead, and kindled the Funeral Pile.

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Page 76. l. 17. *Digs from the Sockets, &c.*] In this Part of the Description of *Erichtho*, the Ideas are so foul and fordid, that if *Lucan* had been a judicious and elegant Painter, he wou'd not have express'd them ; for instead of heightning the Horror and Surprize of the Reader, they offend and nauseate him.

Page 77. l. 8. *Till the Wolves Fangs, &c.*] From a Magical Ferity of Appetite, as if the Bite of the Wolves made the Flesh more polluted ; tho' the Flesh of Cattle, which had been torne by the Wolves, *Plutarch* informs us, was preferr'd by some to any other ; διότι τὰ λυκόβρωτα ἢ προβάτων τὸ κρέας γλυκύτερον ἴσχει, *Symp.* l. 2. Prob. 9. Perhaps they thought the Wolves were good Tasters, which singled out the best of the Flock. But the vulgar Opinion was, that the Bite of wild Beasts was venomous : Thus *Plutarch*, τὰ ὑπο θυρίων σπινθέντα, &c. *Ibid.* The Nails of such as are bit by wild Beasts turn black, the Hair falls off, the Skin relaxes, and breaks with the lightest Touch.

*Ibid.* l. 9. Lat. *Nec refugit Cades, &c.*

This Verse and the next, says *Grotius*, are not in *Pulman's* Manuscript ; from the Emendation perhaps of *Lucan* himself, or *Argentaria Polla* his Wife. As I had consulted no Commentators when these Translations were first made and printed, I was not aware that my Conjecture concerning this Couplet and the preceding, was supported by such an Authority.

*Ibid.* l. 16, 17. *When murder'rous Ghosts she wants, and*  
[Shades severe,  
*She makes them on the Spot, &c.*

Et quoties sævis Opus est, ac fortibus umbris,  
Ipsa facit Manes, &c.

*Lucan* ought rather to have represented her, on such Occasions, as calling up the Spirits of some Persons noted for Cruelty and Murder, than committing Murders

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ders for the sake of raising the Ghosts, for this is transferring the Qualities requir'd, from the Ghosts to *Erichtho* her self; and tho' the Ghosts of Persons murder'd might be suppos'd to be fierce and raging for Revenge, yet that would be only against those who murder'd them, and not in general.

Page 77. l. 22. *And with her left Hand.*] As a Circumstance of more Magical Influence; the left Hand being unlucky and ominous.

*Ibid.* l. 24. *In Throats of Death, &c.*] Lat. *Cognatio in Funere*. That *Funus* is us'd here to signify lying in the Article of Death, may be argu'd from the Expressions *Oscula fingens*, and *Arcanumque Nefas Stygias mandavit ad Umbras*, it being the Custom of the Antients to kiss their Relations just as they were dying, in order to receive the departing Breath; and to have made *Erichtho* whisper Messages to the Shades into the Mouth of an empty Carcase wou'd be the utmost Absurdity. And yet it is strange *Lucan* shou'd mention no other Circumstances, which do not rather describe a Body already dead, than a Person just expiring.

*Ibid.* l. 23.—*Feigning of the parting Kiss to give.* Lat. *Oscula fingens.*] I shou'd conclude *fingens*, and not *ficens* (as some read it) to be the true Reading, because it expresses that solemn Custom of the Antients, mention'd above; and it was under colour of this pious Office that *Erichtho* seems to have thus embrac'd her dying Relation to execute her inhuman Purposes on the Body. For she is plainly describ'd as mangling it secretly, and unobserv'd, and only in some particular Places, whereas she invaded others with an open and ungovern'd Fury, and made an universal Havock of the whole.

Page 78. l. 14.—*From afar they spy'd, &c.*

*Conspectere procul.*————

It may be enquir'd here, how they cou'd discern her at such a Distance, when it was now Midnight, and there is no Mention of the shining of the Moon.

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Page 80. l. 1. *Unlock th' Elysian Seats, &c.*

Elysias referta Sedes, ipsamque vocatam,  
Quos petat e nobis, Mortem tibi coge fateri.

*Lucan* here imputes the Power of disposing of the Lives of those who were to die in Battel, to Death himself; and *Servius* cites this Passage to prove Death to be *Dea*, a Goddess, the Word *Mors* in *Latin* being of the Feminine Gender, whereas *Θάνατος* in *Greek* being of the Masculine, *Hesiod* styles him *Θεός*, a God. *Lucan* also speaks of his rising above Ground from the Infernal Regions, as does *Claudian*, R. of P. B. 3. and in the Prologue to the *Alceſtis* of *Euripides*, which is spoken in Dialogue between Death and *Apollo*, Death is term'd *ἱερεὺς θανάτων*, the Priest of the Dead, i. e. a sacred Officer, whose Function was to introduce dying Persons into *Hades*; and *Act* 4. *Hercules* resolves to repair to the dead Queen's Sepulchre, in Expectation of finding Death feasting there on the Blood of the Victims, and to rescue Her from his Power, and restore her alive to her Husband King *Admetus*.

But it is certain the Antient Poets have generally represented Death, not as a proper Deity, invested with real Dominion, and exercising it in Person, or by his Ministers; but as a shadowy allegorical Appearance, residing idly with other Phantoms at the Entrance of *Pluto's* Territories, and under his Command as their Sovereign.

Ἐρθᾶ δὲ Νυκτὸς καὶ δεινὸς ἐπὶ μῆνι οἰκί' ἔχουσιν.

Ἄνθρωποι δὲ Θάνατον, δεινὸν δαίμονα, &c.

There both the Sons of Night, dire Death and Sleep,  
Tremendous Pow'rs, their sullen Mansion keep;  
On whom the cheerful Sun ne'er shoots his Ray,  
Or when he opens, or concludes the Day.  
With dewy Wings Sleep flies o'er Land and Main,  
Relieving Labour, and appeasing Pain.  
Implacable and fell, his Brother has  
A Heart of Iron in a Breast of Brass;



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*No mortal Men escape his cruel Blow,  
Ev'n to the Gods a sour repining Foo.*      Hes. Theog.

*Hesiod* uses *Θάσι* here, in the lowest Signification of the Word, only to denote Death and Sleep deriving their Lineage from the Gods, and being superior to humane Kind; and tho' he makes Sleep visit both Earth and Sea, he says nothing of Death's leaving his Abode below, to ascend to the Worlds above. Their never seeing the Sun, is plainly an Allusion to the Effects of Death and Sleep, in depriving Men of the Light; and when they are said in *Homer* to convey *Sarpedon* back to his native Country, after he was slain, it is certainly an Allegory, and neither of them is made to have a Hand in killing him.

In a word, *Hesiod* (who is exactly follow'd by *Virgil*) may be suppos'd, from the Plan of his Work, to have given us the Historical and Literal Description of Death, as it obtain'd among the Heathen by Tradition, and the other Poets introducing him as a Poetical Character to adorn their Subject, represent him as they thought best answer'd the Occasion.

Page 81. l. 9. *The Birds their fasten'd Talons loose, &c.*

——— *fugère revulsis*  
*Unguibus impastæ volucres.*———

*Lucan's* Memory seems to have fail'd him again; for tho' wild Beasts roam abroad by Night, the Birds that prey on dead Bodies keep in their Nests.

Page 82. l. 3. *Far sunk the Ground beneath, &c.*] This Scene of *Erichtho's* Den is extremely well imagin'd. The Depth of the Hollow, the Foulness of the Air, and the thick Darkness, with the shutting out all manner of Light from above by Yew-Trees hanging over, and growing downward from the Brow of the Hill, are strong Circumstances of Horror.

*Ibid* l. 20. *A Wreath of hissing Serpents binds her Head.*] Like the Furies, who had Snakes on their Heads instead of Hair. *Erichtho* is describ'd full as terrible as they in her

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her Person, but as much superior in Power; for the Furies were only Ministers of Vengeance to the Gods, and acted by their Order; whereas she commands the Furies themselves, and all the Gods, celestial and infernal, and inflicts Mischiefs at her Will. In which, as in describing the Squalidness of her Manners, *Lucan's* Fancy is too extravagant and ungovern'd.

[Frights,

Page 83. l. 7. *Why, in my Presence, shou'd you view, with  
The grisly Forms that tremble at my Sight?*

——— si me præsentè videri

Eumenides possint———

Quis Timor, ignavi, metuentes cernere Manes?

Some have understood the Meaning of the *Latin* to be, *if you are terrify'd at what you see, how wou'd you be fear'd if I were to shew you the Stygian Lakes, &c.* According to which, it seems necessary to read *Præstantis*, instead of *Præsentis*, after *Taubman's* Manuscript, which Reading *Grotius* prefers. But the common Reading agrees best with the Sense I have embrac'd, which, I think, becomes *Erichtho* better, and answers the Design of her Speech more exactly, and is justify'd by *metuentes Manes* in the Line with which it concludes. For as *Lucan* exalts her so much above all the Powers Cœlestial and Infernal as to represent her striking them with Terror, it wou'd be reversing her Character to make her confess with her own Mouth, there was more Reason to tremble at these Objects than at Her. And to tell the *Romans*, they wou'd be infinitely more frighten'd at other Spectacles, is certainly not so good an Argument to recover them from their Consternation, and give them Courage, as to assure them, that not all the Goblins and Furies of Hell ought to allarm them; if she were present to protect them.

*Ibid.* l. 14. *Nature's imperfect Births, deform'd and lame.*

—— quicquid Fetus genuit Natura sinistro.

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There is a stronger Expression in this general Line, than in any of the Particulars recited afterwards. Some read *sinistra* for *sinistro*, which can hardly be right, for *Fetus sinistro* is poetical and rais'd, but *Fetus* alone is an idle Word, and merely serves to fill out the Verse. An English Reader will be pleas'd to observe how far this Magical Composition is exceeded by *Shakespear's* in *Macbeth*.

Page 83. l. 15. — *rabid Dogs that Water shun.*] Mad Dogs are said to dread the Sight of Water; and when this Symptom appears in those who are bitten by them, the Patient is esteem'd to be past Recovery.

*Ibid.* l. 16. *Hyæna's Bone.*] The Back-Bone of the *Hyæna* is properly mention'd among these Ingredients, because of its unusual Fabrick, being said to be one continu'd Bone.

*Ibid.* l. 17. *A Stag that living fed, &c.*] Stags were said to draw the Serpents out of the Thickets by the Steam of their Breath, and restore themselves to Youth by eating them.

*Ibid.* l. 21. — *Sounding Stone.*] The *Actites*, or *Eagle-Stone*, which is said to make a rattling, when shaken, as if it were hollow, and had Something loose within it.

Page 84. l. 9. — *Her Dissonance, &c.*] This Part of the Incantation is very well invented; to represent Her forming so many various Voices and Sounds, some of them ominous, and most of them amazing to proceed from a human Mouth. The solemn Invocation also into which she breaks out at last, is admirably prepar'd by her first running thro' so many uncouth and inarticulate Noises and Yells.

Page 85. l. 1. *Thou neather Jove.*] *Pluto*; who was uneasy at his Immortality, because he was fix'd in so dismal a Region, according to what he says in *Claudian*, *Rape of Prof.* B. 1.

*Ibid.* l. 11. *Ye fatal Sisters, who your Aid must join  
To re-unite the lately sever'd Line.*

————— *repetitaque Fila, Sorores,*  
*Frauræ.* —————

The

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The reading *Taſſura* for *Fractura* (according to which I have alter'd the Translation) prevents indeed this Verſe from literally contradicting another in the Conclusion of the Story, where *Lucan* ſays expreſſly the Fates cou'd not cut the Thread of the Soldier's Life a ſecond Time; but there ſtill remains an incurable Abſurdity in intereſting the Fates in the Action. For if they renew'd his Thread, then the Man was truly and genuinely reſtor'd to Life, which it is evident he was not, but only in a certain partial Manner, and by Force of *Erichtho's* Charms—*remanes Pallorque Rigorque*—*Murmure nullo Ora aſtriſta ſonant: Vox illi, Linguaque tantum reſponſura datur.* And if the Fates united his vital Thread again, who but the Fates cou'd cut it?

Page 85. l. 17. *If with a guilty Voice, &c.*] The Powers of Hell were pleas'd with the Acceſſion of new Spirits to their Regions, by whatever Means they were diſlodg'd from their Bodies; *Erichtho* therefore urges it as a ſtrong Obligation that ſhe ſent them Ghoſts before their Time, and ſcrupled not the moſt cruel Methods of Murder.

*Ibid.* l. 21. *If Babes new-born, &c.*

*Si quis, qui veſtris Caput, Extaque Lancibus Infans Impoſuit, victurus erat*————

All theſe Actions of Cruelty and Horror being perform'd by *Erichtho*, *Lucan* has improperly chang'd the Perſon here, and aſcrib'd this Sacrificing, not to her, but to the Infants, who were the Subject of it. She ought to have been directly mention'd as the Author, as in the preceding Verſe,—*Sape dedi, & lavi, &c.* becauſe ſhe pleads theſe Particulars, as carrying an indisputable Merit with the Infernal Powers. The *Latin* is alſo unnaturally perplex'd by ſeparating the Word *Qui*, in ſo inelegant and violent a Manner, from the Verb to which it belongs.

Page 86. l. 2. *Charon had need but once convey him a'er*—

—————*licet has exaudiat Herbas,*

*Ad Manes ventura ſemel.*

That

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That *Licet* is to be construed adverbially, and *Semel* once, and no more, is evident from the Argument of this Part of the Prayer. For to induce the Infernal Powers the more readily to comply with her Request, she signifies she wou'd give them as little Trouble as possible, and wou'd not require them to send back to Earth a Spirit already pass'd the *Sygyian* Flood, and lodg'd in its proper Mansion, as at other times she had frequently done, but only a Ghost which was just arriv'd on this Side *Styx*, and which *Charon* consequently shou'd not have Occasion to ferry over twice.

Page 86. l. 5. *Civil Wars, &c.*] This Topic of Merit is very properly pleaded, because the Slaughter of Civil Wars is attended with more Barbarity and Guilt, than any others. *Erichtho* also seems to ascribe the present War between *Cesar* and *Pompey* to her Influence.

*Ibid.* l. 8. *How'ring o'er the Corps, &c.*] The Circumstances of the Ghost's appearing, and his Behaviour, are extremely well invented. His standing loosely from his wounded Body, and not passing himself immediately into it, but declining it with so much Reluctance, are finely painted, and the Poet's Apostrophe of Compassion on his being constrain'd to suffer Death twice over is exceeding moving. His not resuming his Body also at the first Call of *Erichtho* was properly order'd to exert her Rage, and shew her Command over the Powers below.

*Ibid.* l. ult. *To dash the ling'ring Spright, and drive him on*  
[the Way]

Non agitis sævis Erebi per inane Flagellis,  
Infelicem Animam, &c.

By the *Latin*, any one wou'd understand that the Ghost was not yet ascended above Ground, but still remain'd somewhere in the Infernal Regions; whereas *Lucan* expressly tells us just before, that *Erichtho* saw him standing by the Body, tho' delaying to enter into it. Her Complaint, therefore, against the Rulers of Hell, in this second Prayer, ought to have been, not for not dispatching



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ing the Spirit away from their Territories, but for not causing him to pass himself into his Body directly.

Page 87. l. 2. ——— *Infernal Bitches, Lat. Stygias Canes*

*Ibid.* l. 12. — *what Fruits provok'd thy Appetite.*] Upon *Ceres's* earnest Supplication to have her Daughter restor'd, *Jupiter* agreed, that if she had not tasted any thing in *Pluto's* Dominions, she should be releas'd; but *Ascalaphus* discovering that she had eaten three Grains of a Pomegranate, she was adjudg'd to continue with *Pluto*.

*Ibid.* l. 13. — *incestuous Love.*] *Pluto* was her Uncle.

*Ibid.* l. 19. *His awful Name.*] *Demogorgon*.

Page 88. l. 16. *But from his Lips no issuing Sounds arise.*] This is properly describ'd; for as he was not naturally restor'd to Life, but imperfectly and by Magic, he did not inform his Body vitally, and cou'd only use it so far as to answer the Witch's Occasion.

Page 89. l. 3. *Prophets and Oracles uncertain are, &c.*] It was natural enough to make *Erichtho* thus prefer her own Art before all other Means of Prediction.

*Ibid.* l. 15. *I cou'd not see the cruel Parca's Lins.*] Because he had not pass'd over to the inner Regions where the *Parca* dwelt.

*Ibid.* l. 25. *The two devoted Decii.*] *Decius Mus* was Consul in the War with the *Latins*, and the other *Decius* in the War with the *Sannites*. When the *Roman* Troops were hard push'd in the Battel, they devoted themselves by certain Ceremonies to the Infernal Gods, as a Sacrifice for the whole Army, and rushing into the Midst of the Enemy, were slain.

Page 90. l. 1. *Curii.*] A Family famous for the Valour and uncorrupted Poverty of the Consul *Curius Dentatus*, who drove *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*, and rejected with Contempt the Sums of Gold with which the *Sannites* attempted to bribe him.

*Ibid.* ——— *Sylla's surly Shade. &c.*] *Sylla's* Son *Faustus* was to perish in the Quarrel, and *Caesar*, who was a *Marian*, was to triumph over the Faction of the Nobles; which *Sylla* had embrac'd.

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Page 90. l. 3. Scipio.] I suppose *Scipio Africanus*, because as he was fam'd for his Conquest in *Libya* or *Africa*, it affected him the more that one of his Posterity, viz. *Lucius Scipio*, *Pompey's* Father-in-Law, shou'd lose his Life dishonourably in that Country.

*Ibid.* l. 5. Cato, the Fox of Carthage, &c.] His *Delenda est Carthago*, and pushing on for the Demolition of *Carthage*, is well known. *Cato Uticensis* was indeed his great Grandson, but in Verse it was needless to be so literally exact in the Degree of Relation.

*Ibid.* l. 7. Brutus alone, &c.] In Prospect that another of his Name wou'd destroy *Caesar*, who had enslav'd his Country.

*Ibid.* l. 11. Catalina, &c.] He is properly mention'd, not only because he was a publick Enemy, and invaded the Liberties of *Rome*, but because *Caesar* was suspected of being concern'd in his Conspiracy, or at least of favouring the Plotters.

*Ibid.* l. 13. Marius.] *Caius Marius*, *Sylla's* Antagonist; he headed the Faction of the Commons, which *Caesar* also espous'd.

*Ibid.* l. 14. — *Popilius Drusus*.] They were Tribunes of the People, and made an Insurrection against the Nobles in the time of the Consuls, in favour of the Commons.

*Ibid.* l. 15. Gracchi.] They were also Tribunes, and supported the same Cause; which cost them and *L. Drusus* their Lives.

*Ibid.* l. 23. The vile Victor, Lat. *Victori*, i. e. *Caesar*.] In this Speech *Lucan* places *Pompey* in *Elysium*, and *Caesar* in *Tartarus*, or the Region of Torments, which is the most solemn Decision concerning their Merits. But if he had judg'd impartially, he wou'd not have made this Distinction. — For *Pompey* was not in the least more his Country's Friend, or an honest Man, than *Caesar*. He had the same View of acquiring despotic Power, and pursu'd it by as unlawful Methods, and was as much the Author of the Civil War, as was *Caesar*; so that they were equally void of Right; of which *Lucan* himself seems to be sensible, when he says it was a great Presumption to affirm which took up Arms more justly;

*Quis*

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Quis iustus induit arma  
Scire nefas: magno se iudice quisque tuatur. Lib. I.

and in his Character of *Caesar* and *Pompey* just before, he evidently makes *Pompey* the more blameable of the two;

*Nec quenquam jam ferro potest, Caesaris priorem  
Pompeius parum, &c.*

it being a more aggravated Degree of Ambition to refuse to admit an Equal, than to reject a Superior. Notwithstanding his Rant therefore of *Villrix Causa*, &c. which follows, it is certain the Cause of Liberty wou'd have been as much *Villa*, if *Pompey* had prevail'd, as it was by *Caesar*. *Pompey* had join'd also in the famous Confederacy with *Caesar* and *Crassus*, call'd the Triumvirate, which was entring into Articles to destroy the *Roman* Privileges and Freedom; and when he afterwards broke with *Caesar*, it was not for the publick Good, but to prevent his own Glory and Power being swallow'd up in *Caesar's*; so that his drawing his Sword was in Truth only to eject *Caesar*, and put himself in Possession; and by *Caesar's* Conduct after the Victory, in the short Time he surviv'd it, there is Reason to believe, if the Conquest had fallen to his Rival, he wou'd not have us'd it better. If *Lucan* therefore, who was a young-Man when he wrote his Poem, had reason'd exactly upon the Case, his Zeal for the Liberties of *Rome* wou'd have warm'd him as much against *Pompey* as *Caesar*.

Page 91. l. 9. *Spurn the Names of the Gods of Rome.*] The Emperors of *Caesar's* Family. It was extremely daring in *Lucan* not only to write a Poem so warmly invective against the Founder of the Imperial Family then in Possession, but to deride this posthumous Honour, of which the Emperors were so vainly ambitious, and which was conferr'd on them with so much Solemnity and Pomp. It was no Wonder therefore that in the Reign of *Nero*, after this Personal Provocation, and his vehement Declarations in Praise of Liberty, and against Tyranny and Oppression, that he found no Mercy; nor is it strange that

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that such an Author was not publish'd in *Usum Delphini* among the other Roman Poets.

Page 91. l. 11. *Who shall their Turn at Nile, and who at Tiber take.*] Pompey was kill'd on the Coast of Egypt, and Caesar at Rome, the two Countries being signify'd by the two famous Rivers belonging to each.

F I N I S.

